

The Matchmaker

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Summary: Old and crap writing. Originally, Gareth was the only one who wanted Isaac and Mia paired up, but everyone wants to join in on the fun... Including Jenna, Felix, Ivan, Sheba, and Picard. Oh dear. Oh, and the Djinn. Finished!

***Chapter 1*: Kitties and Doggies aka Garet's Chapter**

The Matchmaker

Another one of those pointless stories written by your lovable Azu

Disclaimer: Um, yeah, I'm writing one another of those stories that will eventually go on hiatus and I'll forget it and you guys will throw squashes, melons and cantaloupes at my head. Why not tomatoes? Tomatoes are healthy foods that you should eat that I absolutely cannot digest. o_O; Methinks they're demon spawn. My father thinks they're God's food. So.... GS doesn't belong to me. I am planning to use several original characters, but only use them as narrators and not actual characters in the plot. I'll say when I get to 'em...

The Matchmaker

Prolouge and Chaper One

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As usual, it was bright, sunny, and a crisp clear day with no clouds in sight. Garet sat out on his porch, staring out at a funny-shaped bush beside his house, when out of the bush, appeared Ivan. Ivan looked disgruntled and pulled a branch out of his naturally-messy hair with a sigh.

"Garet? Um, Garet, I'm over here. Garet, have you seen - Garet, my face is up HERE. Yeah. Garet, I know you're bored, but have you seen Zephyr? He ran off and I can't find him."

Garet blinked, after hearing his name so many times in only a few sentences. He pointed southward, towards Isaac's home.

"Thank you! ZEPHYR, you little RASCAL!" Gareth sighed as 'rascal' was only the beginning of several words that steadily grew worse as Ivan plunged on through the wood. He was thinking of getting up and visiting Isaac, who was sick with the ever-so-common cold, and Mia was still thoroughly tied up in knots, even when his fever went down. Gareth wasn't stupid as all people thought he was, his mind was just... In other... places... when they talked to him. He was rather bright at a young age, before the Aleph Boulder struck. Afterwards, he still retained that smartness, but instead began to build up his physical strength. He was not one for strategies, but he was able to plan an enemy's exact movements so that none of his friends would get hurt in the counterattack.

When Ivan had tumbled along to his front door, he was thinking about Isaac and Mia. How they were... Possible. Mia was pretty, with the cute, girlish bangs, long, flowing hair, and eyes that nearly matched Isaac's when it came to blue depths. Isaac still hadn't totally recovered from his father's death. He could use someone to lean upon when the still-fresh scars were brought forth again. Isaac was also so freakishly quiet sometimes, it drove Ivan and he to hysterics. Mia was cheerful and sometimes freakishly perky. They were opposites, but opposites tended to attract, yes? Of course.

So, with a sigh, Gareth got up, took five steps, and then it began to pour cats and dogs.

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"Goodness gracious, Gareth! Isaac's mother only cleaned the floor!" Mia exclaimed as the Mars Adept sputtered and rubbed water out of his eyes. He dropped the umbrella mercilessly to the floor, bringing forth another puddle.

"Can I help it if Mars Adepts just happen to attract rain wherever they happen to go?" He grumbled, shedding the waterproof jacket, only to find a leak in the shoulder. "And I spent three thousand for this! This!"

"It's not anything my mother can fix." Isaac said, as he inspected the hole. "Your mother is busy rather often, isn't she?"

"Yeah. The Sol and Luna Festival will be in a while, and she's helping out a lot this year."

"She must be hoping to find that one left-out girl to introduce her boy to." Mia grinned coyly.

"Ha ha, very funny, guess who's going to be the last one laughing when I happen to find a partner and you don't?"

"Who are you planning to ask anyhow?" Isaac asked curiously. "Garet? Interested in the affairs of girls? Amazing!"

"Jenna." He said nonchalantly, sitting a chair opposite that of his best friend before the crackling hearth.

"Jenna?" Mia sputtered. She nearly choked on the tea she was sipping. "Jenna! Oh my goodness..."

"You're aiming for Jenna? Garet, that's like aiming for the sun. Chances are she's already taken."

"Yeah?" He asked defiantly. "By who?"

"She's a popular girl. At least the guy population of Vale has to have asked her. It surprises me you haven't even asked her until now."

"Eh, well. It's only a festival, y'know, with dancing and refreshment and all that. If I don't get her, I guess I'll stay home. They say it might rain anyhow. Ivan was saying things like that the wind from the north brings a storm. Or something like that." Gareth twiddled his thumbs absent-mindedly. Of course, Isaac was right. He tended to be right most of the time. Jenna was popular, pretty, and everyone drooled at her whenever she walked past them.

"It'd stink to have it rain on the Festival!" Isaac said. Gareth raised an eyebrow at this, glancing at Mia, who was staring at her tea with an interest he had never seen in her eyes before.

"Then, who knows? We had it once at the inn, and another time, at old Kenneth's roomy barn once. And Ivan isn't the best weatherman, right? He said it'd be blue and clear one day back in Imil, the next day, you couldn't set a foot outside the gates without getting frozen solid or being blown over by those winds." Gareth said, trying to raise Isaac's spirits. The blonde sneezed for a moment, rubbed his nose tiredly, then smiled.

"You're right, Gareth. Thank you. If it doesn't rain, it doesn't rain, and if it does, it does. Ivan isn't the best weather-watcher in the world."

"Heh. Anything for a pal. ...Speaking of Ivan, I wonder if he ever found Zephyr..." He glanced out at the stormy weather. "I know he likes storms, but he's totally different when he's IN one."

"If he gets sick, I can get him better." Mia sighed. "Zephyr's too fast for him to catch..."

"Yep. It's like trying to catch the wind." Gareth nodded.

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End

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Heh, it's a start! ^__^ And I know, I'm neglecting all of my other poor, widdle stowies... I'm working on it! Matthew's been pinching cheeks (Particularly mine -- Stephanie's beginning to think he's flirting.... o_o; I'm officially afraid now.) as of late, my right one aches now. -_-; Ugh. And this chapter is short, at least I gave you the prologue AND the first chapter. And don't you hate the crappy spacing? You do punch enter like four times, when you post it up, it's only one. I don't get that. FF.Net has to be on crack sometimes. --; Bear with me, pleeeez! Reviews would be appreciated! ^_^

~Azu

***Chapter 2*: Chickens aka Ivan's Chapter**

The Matchmaker

Chapter two of that story that's soon to go on hiatus

Disclaimer: ...Daaaaaaaang. What happened to my perfect spacing? It's all crappy now. - ____ -; I don't own GS, and none of you do either, so ha!

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The Matchmaker

Chapter two

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Ivan wasn't the happiest person on the planet right then, stuck under a tree that dripped water onto the bridge of his nose, and Zephyr being gone. He sniffed delicately, wiping water off of his nose. Where was that little mischievous --

A huge roll of thunder jolted his thoughts, and the surprise knocked him off of the only-slightly damp log he was sitting on and into a shallow puddle. With a grumble of thanks to Thor, he sat back up, wrought out the water in his sleeve, and wondered whether he should make a run for Gareth's house. Well, he hoped it was Gareth's house. A little trail of

smoke was seen high above the line of trees, and he decided to make a run for it.

He ran up to the porch, arms flailing wildly over his head. Huge drops dive-bombed for his head, and he cursed lightly under his breath -- nothing Gareth on a rampage would be proud of. He dived for the porch, tripping over the first step and landing on the wooden panels with a hard thump.

"Did you hear that?" Someone asked from inside.

"No.. It was probably only thunder."

Hey, no, it's me! Ivan grumbled to himself, pulling his disgruntled self up. That trip he had taken had left him with a serious bump on the head and it moaned for ice. Well, as much ice anyone could wish for when it was this freezing cold. Sighing, he crawled up, and pounded on the door. As the people inside took their time getting the door, he glanced around. Maybe, while he was running around in the woods, his sense of direction had gotten distorted. Considering, this was...

"Ivan!" Isaac exclaimed. Mia joined him, peering at the mass of wet clothes and hair known as the said Jupiter adept.

"What are you doing looking so -- Oh yes. You were looking for Zephyr in the rain, weren't you?"

"Not exactly. I was looking for that little idiot and the rain caught up with me."

Ivan shivered as he stepped into the warm room. He saw Gareth resting in a chair near the crackling, dancing fire, and he hurried over, to sit down beside him.

"Ivan, are you okay?" Mia asked, worried as Mercury adepts tended to be. "You haven't caught cold or anything, have

you?"

"Um, no, not really." He didn't need to trouble her with his worries, he particularly liked Mia's gentle comfort. "I just... Um. Bumped my head on the porch..."

"That's the 'thunder' we heard." Gareth spoke, breaking out of his reverie.

"My, Ivan, your head really does make a lot of noise! Is it water-logged or something?" Mia chuckled, walking off to Isaac's kitchen to get him some ice to lessen the bruise.

"Ha ha, very funny, Mia!" He called after her, taking the blanket Isaac offered him. "So, then, Gareth. What were you thinking about?"

"Wha--? Thinking about.... About what? I wasn't thinking about anything, except..."

"Food?" Ivan offered. He knew very well that wasn't the answer, but he'd let Gareth run out of things to say first before bringing up this subject he was dodging.

"Um, yeah! Food! I haven't had Dora's pudding in a while, y'know? I'm fantasizing about it... All that chocolate..."

"Ah, I see. You'll get your share of pudding at the Festival, if not sooner."

"Oh yeah! The Festival!" Gareth was trying desperately to pull Ivan away from the previous subject. 'Playing matchmaker is MY job this time, not Jenna's, not Ivan's, and certainly not my mother's!'

'....Gareth playing matchmaker? Jenna and matchmaker are synonymous, but Gareth goes with... with... pig!' Ivan thought

to himself. Gareth was blathering on now, but he only nodded and 'hm'ed every once in a while as he probed into Gareth's thoughts. The Mars adept didn't notice a thing, he was too busy trying to entertain him to notice that little thread poke around in his mind.

"And, I'm going to ask Jenna, maybe she still doesn't have a date... You know, girls like to do that sometimes, make a huge deal out of who to accept and all that... Then, they might not even show... Just to make fun of that poor man... Well, it might be me, so I hope Jenna doesn't back out or anything..." Gareth continued.

'Of course she won't back out. She'll run.' Ivan sighed to himself.

"So, Gareth... do you know who Mia will be going with?"

"Um. I don't know... Maybe..."

"Y'know, Mia would make a good choice. It really strikes me odd, that all the other girls are all giggly and act like porridge around Isaac whenever he goes out... Mia doesn't do that." Ivan tapped his chin in a thoughtful sort of way, making sure to keep his voice down low enough so that neither Venus nor the Mercury adept could overhear their conversation.

"Well, Ivan, Mia's been traveling with us for more than a year. She knows which buttons to push to make him mad, which to push to make him laugh, and she knows he snores sometimes!" Isaac perked at the fact they knew he snored.

"I do not snore!" He cried.

"Yes, you do." Gareth sighed.

"I was sick! And besides, Gareth, you snore every night! I remember those nights on the ship, you would snore endlessly, and when I got up in the morning, I almost dropped off the deck, because I was so sleepy from being awake with your SNORING!" Isaac waved his hands frantically.

"You do snore!" Gareth argued. "You do!"

"Do not! Not on a daily basis!"

"Do to!"

"Do not!"

'Oh brother. And I thought Isaac was supposed to be mature...' Ivan yawned, glancing at an old clock on the wall, which needed to be re-wound every two nights to ensure it kept on ticking. It read eight. He glanced out the window - buckets, still. How long would he need to stay in the company of these children? He sighed and rubbed at his forehead tentatively.

"Boys, stop squabbling like chickens!"

"You're comparing me to a chicken?"

"You act like one sometimes, Gareth!" Mia said exasperatedly. "Honestly! Chickens... Here, Ivan. Put this on your head."

Ivan gratefully took the special ice wrapped in a cloth. It was 'Mia's Ice,' as everyone called it. It was ice that was created Psynesergetically, therefore, it would only melt once she said so, or after a few days. The ice wasn't enough to make his head hurt even more, as cold things often did (Brainfreeze! Urgh!), but it was a splendid sort of coolness that reduced the swelling.

"Do you think you need Ply?" The healer asked him, throwing a glance towards the now-still 'chickens.'

"...I don't think so. Thank you, Mia."

"Let's just hope you didn't get a cold. That'd be terrible..."

"Cause he'd pass it on to everyone else!" Gareth snorted.

"If everyone else got sick, it wouldn't matter. If YOU got sick, thought, it'd be something else." Ivan said. The last time Gareth had gotten the flu, oh... The gods had definitely cursed them for something stupid they did. "Mia can take care of things perfectly fine, but if you up and decided to get sick, it'll be chaos."

"I don't think I can tolerate a flood of tissues everytime I open the door, Gareth. That's my reason why I didn't visit as much as you wanted me to." Isaac blinked at his fellow chicken.

"Hey, shut up! You chicken." Gareth gave Isaac the 'Evil Glare of Death' that came free with every Mars adept.

"Hmph. You're a chicklet, Gareth." Mia clucked.

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The rest of the day went on rather smoothly. The rain went on relentlessly over Vale, never stopping to take a breath and let the clouds break. Ivan napped in his chair, and Gareth took a snooze on Isaac's guest bed. Mia continued to clean up, made hennish comments and gave medical attention to whoever managed to clamber through the rain to Isaac's house.

When Ivan awoke from his nap, he found all was still. Garet's room was silent - for once. But when he peeked around the chair, he found Mia asleep on the couch. (.....DID they have couches then? o\_o; I must know!) Being as careful as possible, he peeked further around. Mia looked so completely peaceful, sitting there, lounging, rather, with cheeks slightly flushed, eyelashes pointed downwards, and a waterfall of blue hair flowing around her, like an aura of heavenliness. And...

Isaac was staring at her!

At his little discovery, Ivan covered his mouth to keep from saying or doing anything else that would get his head chopped off. Their leader was staring at the healer, watching her with rapt fascination.

'My oh my!'

There was no way for him to go back to sleep now.

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End

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Wah. Sorries for the delay! ^\_^ I'm so proud of myself! Me gotsa reviews from Midnight C and Triad! Whoozazz! Now, answers to those reviews...!

RS: .....Buh? Is that supposed to be a good thing or a bad thing? oo;

Tsuka: Whee! Thankies! ^^

PhishyKiss: As always, support is eagerly accepted! I hope I will!

Wayward Son: ::Sniffle:: Oh, you ARE so nice! Waaaaaaah! People do love me! ^\_\_^

[Stephanie: o\_O; That's scary.]

[Luana: At this rate, her popularity level must be going down the drain...]

[Stephanie: ...Why don't people love ME?]

[Luana: Oo; You're too scary to love.]

[Stephanie: Look who's talking!]

[Luana: Can I help it if Taku-chan's blind?]

[Stephanie: Get him glasses! ::Grumps off::]

::Hugz him:: Wah! Here, you can have this! ::Gives him a bunch o' flowers:: I don't know why, but have 'em!

Triad Orion: ^\_^ A review from the famed Triad! I'm so honored...! Thank you!!!

Midnight C: 0\_\_\_0;; I got a review from MIDNIGHT?  
OHYEGODS! ::Gets cardiac:: Wah! What did I ever do to  
deserve an honor like this? Oh,  
thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou!  
^\_\_\_\_\_^

Yes! I love you all peoples! ^\_^ I'm ready to climb that  
hellish block that... Er... Blocks my path! I shall CONQUER it,  
so that I may please the rest of you!

[Stephanie: ....What block? o\_o; I don't see any block. ]

My WRITER'S block, dangit! Graah!

[Stephanie: Yeah. Whatever. -\_-;; Anyhows, me's here to tell ya...]

Hey! I'm saying it! T\_T

[Stephanie: ...Meep.]

There will be other pairings in this story! ....Rather obvious ones. But... Yeah. I might also write another one... About... Isaac being an actor and all... And being a vamp... Yeeeeeeh. ^^ Maybe. If I clear up all the messes known as my fics... Yeppers.

[Stephanie: Stay tuned for Mia next chapter! ^\_^]

Whee..... Mia! ^\_^ What fun! See ya peeps!

# **\*Chapter 3\*: The Djinn aka Mia's Chapter**

The Matchmaker

Whooza! Chapter three of the story that will eventually be forgotten...

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Disclaimer: ^^; Well, y'all know I dun own GS, or GSII for that matter... But ha! You guys don't either! ...Right? o_o Poor ol' Mia, something bad happens to her in this chapter.... On account of me and Stephanie! ^__^

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The Matchmaker

Chapter three

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Sunlight streamed in through the open window, warming her with its rays, but the cool wind from the north chilled her face and hands. Raising a hand was an effort to block out the rays. (For some reason, my fingers keep on pressing 'rawys.' o_o;) Mia squinted in the early morning sun, sitting up slowly, and trying to remember where she was.

"Good morning, Mia!"

"Uh-wuh?" The disoriented Mercury adept turned slowly at the voice, rubbing at an eye sleepily. "...Ivan?"

"Yeah, it's me, Mia. You had a busy day yesterday, what with me falling and all those flu-symptoms flying about in this weather... D'you want some breakfast? Dora is in the kitchen." Ivan held out a hand, and she took it. He smiled, and for some reason, that smile on his face didn't make that funny feeling in the pit of her stomach go away. It wasn't an innocent smile (Ivan rarely innocently smiled), but it seemed to scream out, 'Be curious!'

Mia blinked.

She WAS curious.

Mia pressed that little bit of curiosity to the corner of her brain, deciding to take it out and unravel its mysteries later, when there was a lull in her work.

The ground seemed to lurch under her feet, and she sighed, and rubbed her temples. Ivan was asking her what was wrong, but it sounded slurred and unreal. The light of the sun seemed too bright, and she closed her eyes against it. She took a slow step, but --

"Argh! Mia! Are you alright?" Ivan stumbled under the young woman's weight, pressing a hand to her forehead. It was hot, but maybe from sleeping in the sun's direct light...? He hoped. "Isaac! Help me!" He shouted.

The Venus adept appeared, blonde head popping out of an open doorway.

"Ivan? What's wrong?"

"Can't you see?" Ivan said exasperatedly. Isaac's blue eyes shifted over to the unconscious Mia.

"Mia! Oh, Sol, what happened?"

"...I think she might be overworked... Or maybe, the flu symptom found its way to her." Ivan said worriedly, gripping Mia's shoulders as Isaac made a quick check of her face.

"She looks fine... A little paler than normal, perhaps."

"Exactly... Let's get her into a proper bed, and then we can figure out what's wrong with her."

"Put her in my bed, since Garet's still sleeping in the guest room. C'mon." Isaac glanced between his long-time crush and one of his best friends. "Um. Give her to me."

"What?"

"Here." Isaac stooped and picked up Mia with ease. Ivan watched as he began to walk up the stairs, taking care to make sure her hair didn't catch on anything, and cradling her body to his protectively. "Hey! Ivan, get up here!"

"Coming...!" Ivan sighed and bounded up the stairs, two at a time.

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"It's another one of those epidemics, dear. The rain only makes it worse... Don't fret. She'll be perfectly fine in a few days' time." Dora said, noticing the changing expressions on her son's face. "Similar to what I was sick with" -- She saw his tight face, and added hurriedly -- "Only many degrees less severe. By the way, who's going to take care of the patients?"

"I'll borrow some of Mia's potions and Djinn, and Isaac has his own healing powers. We'll chip off some Psynergy stones sometime today." Ivan answered, placing a hand on his friend's sagging shoulder.

"Alright then, dears. I'm going down to make some soup. Tell me if her condition ever changes, okay?" Isaac and Ivan nodded, and with one last glance at the pale Mercury adept, Dora's slight frame disappeared from view.

"Fizz, Spritz, the rest of you, come out here." Ivan held out a hand, palm up. Fizz popped out of Mia's tunic, other little blue squeaking Djinn following.

/Is she sick?/ Fizz asked, peering at his mistress.

"Yes, she is. But don't bother trying to heal her. Mia is strong enough to battle this out on her own, and besides, the people of Vale need us more." Ivan glanced down at the spotless floor, trying to avoid the Djinni's severe gaze. He knew Fizz was close to Mia, they were childhood friends, after all. "I, um, need some of you to attach to me, so that I can heal the patients."

/Why?/

"Because... Potions and herbs alone won't heal some of them."

/Our mistress.../

"I..." Ivan looked at Isaac, who was fiddling with the edge of his shirt, "I'll let... Isaac watch over her. You can trust him, right?"

"Ivan!" Isaac cried.

/Yes, we can./ Fizz glanced at the unconscious Mia. /I'll stay. You can take Spritz, Hail, Mist, and Tonic./

Ivan nodded, not wanting to argue with a tiny yet extremely powerful Mercury elemental.

"You'll be okay, right, Isaac?" Ivan stood, poking at Mist, who was stationed on his head. He yelped as the Mercury Djinni bit his finger, and the others giggled in their high-pitched voices. "...Isaac?"

"Um. Yeah." He blinked slowly, sighing and sitting up straighter in his chair.

"Boys! There's a patient!" Dora called up. "Yes, yes, Mr. Halloway, sit by the fire and dry yourself out..."

"I'll go! Fizz, don't kill Isaac!" Ivan waved a goodbye, then ran out, snatching up Mia's bag that Dora had left behind.

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Mia shifted, uncomfortable with so much weight on her body at one time. She opened weary eyes, finding two pairs of kind blue eyes staring back at her.

"Mia, dear, you've awakened. We were starting to get worried about you."

"Mom, she's only been asleep for a few hours."

"Isaac, if somebody ever happens to catch the flu and falls unconscious, they're bound to wake up in an hour or two's time."

"How... How long have I... been asleep?" Mia stammered, the throbbing in her forehead taking away all ability to talk

normally.

"Four and a half hours." Isaac said, glancing at another old clock that his father had carved for him. He sighed. "Mia, promise me you'll get better soon."

"Of... Of course I will." Mia said indignantly. "I'm not... Gareth, after all..."

"I'll go get some of that soup. Are you cold, Mia?" Dora stood.

"No... Rather... I'm kind of hot..." She coughed.

"Isaac, pull off some of those heavy blankets, will you? They're suffocating her, and we don't want THAT to happen." Dora gave him a knowing wink, and a blush rose to his cheeks.

"Um..." Isaac stood beside her, hands trembling slightly. In all of the time they were traveling, Mia had never been this sick. It had always been only a cough, a sore throat, or a very light fever they could easily handle. He peeled off the top blanket, then the next. When he asked her if she was still hot, she responded that she still was. He continued the tedious task of pulling off all the blankets he and his mother had pulled on...

"Isaac... Um. I'm cold..." She said apologetically. Isaac gave her a small smile.

"It's okay. We're all finicky during sick periods."

"Are you saying I'm finicky?" Mia cried, chucking a nearby pillow at him, laughing.

"Argh! no, I'm not! Well, maybe you are, throwing perfectly fine pillows at me... What did the pillow ever do to you?" Isaac picked up the thrown pillow, puffing it back up, then tossing it back at her.

"It decided to go flat on me." Mia stuck her tongue out at him, and Fizz squeaked under the pillow.

'Mother's taking an awfully long time with the soup...' Isaac thought, pulling up one blanket, then going over to fluff another pillow. As he did this, Mia sighed and leaned against him, eyelids fluttering shut. He meeped, and slowly retracted his arms from the pillow. Fizz, Sleet, and Dew squeaked under a pillow. Isaac glared at them and motioned for them to be quiet.

"Not a word of this to Mia!" He hissed, pulling at the leg of a chair with his foot. He sat down, sighing and stroking the silky blue hair. He tucked her head under his chin, and stroked her face.

This had never happened on their journeys, either.

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Garet watched with laughing eyes. So it seemed the pair were already falling in love by themselves, but maybe they needed an extra push in the right direction? Yeah, maybe. He heard a knock at the door, and ran back downstairs, seeing Ivan busy with an elderly woman. He opened the door to find a wet and blinking Jenna holding a small bundle.

"Wh-what are you doing here?"

"What am \*I\* doing here? I'm here to deliver a few things to Ivan and Isaac's mother."

"Eh, what's for me?" Ivan bounded up, leaving the cantankerous old woman to her things for a little while.

"I found the little thing stuck in a bush. It's yours, isn't it?" Jenna offered the little package, and Ivan pulled off the cloth off hurriedly. Zephyr looked around at the busy world before him, before turning to face his relieved owner.

"Thank you, Jenna! I forgot about Zephyr... Since we've been so busy..." Ivan gestured to the people around the room. Jenna made a face.

"D'you know where Isaac's mother is? This is for her."

"Oh! She should be up with Isaac and Mia."

"Isaac and Mia?" She asked, puzzled.

"Um. Mia's caught the flu, and Isaac and Dora are taking care of her."

"Does she have a bad case?" Jenna followed Ivan, Gareth falling into step behind her.

"Sort of. Dizziness, a high fever... That sort of stuff. At least she isn't delirious. Like YOU were, once, Gareth." Ivan shot a glare at their spiky-haired friend, and Gareth hrmphed.

"At least I've never been high on chocolate."

"Shut up." Ivan retorted.

"Ma'am!" Jenna said, peeking into the room, interrupting the boys' 'interesting' conversation. "My grandmother made honey bread, the kind you like!"

"Oh, Jenna... Thank you so much. If you could, would you take it to the kitchen?" Dora appeared, smiling, and wiping at her forehead.

"Garet, you can take it, can't you? Don't eat any of it, or pain will follow!" She gave Garet the plate, and the heavenly smell of it captivated him. He knew Jenna could pack a punch, though, so he carried it as quickly as he could back down.

"Oh, Mia, Mia, Mia...." Jenna sighed, as she sat down beside Isaac, hands in her lap. "Whoever knew you could get the flu?"

"Nobody's invincible." Mia replied, taking the soup Isaac offered her. "I can feed myself, Isaac!"

"You're weak, Mia. The flu has taken a toll on you." Isaac took back the soup bowl.

"Here, I'll do it. You'll probably drown her, Isaac." Jenna snatched the bowl from him, making sure with care that nothing went down the wrong way.

Mia watched Isaac, as he stood and paced the room, looked at the clock, then continued pacing. He looked cute when he was worried... About her.

Cute?

Mia blinked, seeing Jenna's mischievous smile.

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End

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Gomen, ne? ^\_^;; This chapter was a bit slow... But didn't you like the start of the Isaac/Mia-ness? Heehee! And yeah, there'll be some Gareth/Jenna stuff later... And who knows, maybe even Ivan's love will show up later...

[Stephanie: You jinxed it.]

Shut up and give me the reviews. -\_-;;

xT-Zealot: Thankies... As always. ^\_^

Midnight C: Heeey... o\_o;; I specialize in humor. ^^ Does this mean I'll become famous after I die, tho? ...

Triad Orion: Well, here, yes, but I'm betting you're older than me in years... Not that I'm saying you're old! ^^;; ...Aww, you so nice! I like chickens, even if they can go rabid and chase me sometimes. ^\_^( )

Snoopy6458: I have a friend who loves Snoopy. 'Lady?' You flatter me... ^^;

Shadow: So THAT's where you were! Stephanie wanted to talk to you the last time... She terrorized everyone. Potato! ^\_^ Ashley draws potato doggies that say potato! ...Don't ask.

Raven: Oh, how nice. What the hell are you doing here if you don't like GS, huh? Go away, please, I don't associate with losers.

Tsuka: Um, okay... o\_o;

Elk: ::Poke:: Do I know you? ...Anyhow, thanks. RS is a jerk, isn't he?

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You guys are so nice, really... I love you all! ^_^ I feel so special...

[Stephanie: Cuz you are 'special.']

--; Look who's talkin'!

[Stephanie: ...Yeah, I guess...]

Next chapter will feature Jenna! I know, this chapter didn't have much of Mia, but it was okay enough, wasn't it? R+ R!

[Stephanie: Read, rest, relax and then review! ^_^]

Uh. Yeah. o_o See you then... I'm gonna go bash raven. ^^

***Chapter 4*: Evil Djinn aka Jenna's Chapter**

The Matchmaker

...Why ARE you still here? The fourth chapter of MM...

~~~~~

Disclaimer: o\_o;; Omigosh! I managed four chapters already... SUGOI! Waaa! I don't own GS, or GSII for that matter, but I don't think I'm gonna throw in Karst; she'll stay in Chibi-ficcy....

~~~~~

~~~~~

Rawwwrr! ~ ::Stands poised over a large red orb::  
.....Fooza!

\*Boom!\*

::Falls over unconscious:: e\_e;;;

[Stephanie] That didn't exactly work... o\_o;;

[Garet] \*Eating donut\* What was she planning to do anyhow?

[Stephanie] ...^^; I asked her to make me my very own magic eight-ball.

[Garet] ...Why? Out of a red orb?

[Stephanie] TT; Don't ask questions that you know you'll get your head impounded for asking. And the red orb makes things if she concentrates enough...

::Stands up suddenly:: Ack! .\_. That didn't work. At all. Stupid "Enchanted Orb of Fire"....

[Garet] Where did you find it anyway?

.....The attic. oo; Why do you ask?

[Garet] ....Oh. Um, because I \*think\* I saw Jenna tramping up there with some stuff...

Ugh. Phoo, Stephanie, magic eight-balls are pagan items anyhow. -\_-;; God only knows how many guys you like.

[Stephanie] At least I got over \*him.\*

Yeah. You have a bad eye for men...

[Stephanie] ...I just go for the rough and tumble and sorta "Rawr!" look. That's not a problem!

When you live under \*my\* roof, it is. --;;

\*Ka-Boom!\*

Aiyaaaaaaahhh... Where did that come from?

[Garet] Oh, oh, I know! ^\_^ That came from... Ooh, I'd say the Sunny Room.

...The Sunny Room?... Oooooohhhh, \*there.\* \_-;; What did I ever do, God, that made you so freakin' mad at me?

[Stephanie] o\_o;; I think...

No, no, no! None of that! Maybe there's a magic eight-ball up there, Stephanie. Go! Fetch! ::Points in direction of sound::

[Stephanie] ...If Saddam Hussein is there, can I tackle him?

....Since when was Luana the holder of mass destructions? I thought that title legally belonged to you.

[Stephanie] Ew! \_;; Then... Takuro...

.....o\_o AGH! Just go! Take a broom from the closet if you must, just go!

[Stephanie] .....A broom won't stand up against a nuclear missile.

Under this roof, it can handle you the day after Christmas.

[Stephanie] Oh, okay. ^\_^ \*Runs off\*

::Sigh:: Stephanie needs to get her mind out of the gutter. She only said that because \*she's\* really Saddam Hussein. ^^ Just make sure you didn't tell her I told that bit of info to the FBI... And CIA...

[Garet] \*Chews donut\*

^\_^; Here's THE STORY! Gomen, I had to write all that crap. Don't sue me.....

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

The Matchmaker

Chapter four

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

"Jenna, what *\*are\** you planning?"

"Umm, nothing. Nothing that you need to be overly concerned about." Jenna chuckled nervously. Matchmaking was *\*her\** business, Mia didn't *\*need\** to know about it, right? ....Right. She glanced at the closed door with a bit of nervousness. Girl talk wasn't meant to be heard by male ears. Oh well, if they heard, blasting them to kingdom come with a fireball was fun enough. If they were still outside after she kicked them out --

"Jenna?"

"Oh... Sorry. Thinking."

Mia laughed weakly.

"You rarely ever think..."

"Yeah... And your point is?" She gave the Mercury adept a stubborn look, then took the pale, cold hand in her own always-warm one. "Get better soon, 'kay? Or the guys will be lonely without your presence."

"I thought being flirty was your job!"

"It is, but it's a whole lot funner if you have two babes running around and causing havoc, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is..."

"Now..." She scooted closer. "Do you know who likes you, in this world, besides family and friends? ...And your Djinn?"

"Um..." Mia scrunched up her face a moment. "Well..."

"Isaac does." Jenna giggled, squeezing the cold hand. "He looooves you, you know? Ivan and Gareth catch him doing stupid things in front of you..."

"Isaac isn't stupid!" Mia cried, then blinked, realizing her error. "I mean, he... can be a dork sometimes, yes... Not all the time. I thought Gareth was the idiot of us."

Jenna started laughing, then tried her best to snuff out the giggles.

"Oh, so... so... Then... You like him too?" She sputtered. Mia's mouth resembled a fish's.

"I-I never... I never said... What? Jenna!"

"Wahahaha! You like him back! Ooo! Just \*wait\* 'till the girls hear this!"

"Jenna.....!" Mia sighed.

"Jenna, you know Mia needs her rest! What are you doing in there?" The said dork asked from the other side of the door.

"Laughter is the best medicine, ya know?" Jenna snickered, as she opened the door a crack. "Leave her to me, and she'll get better in no time."

"Leaving her to you is like leaving her in a tornado! Jenna, let Dora take over!" Gareth grimaced, a dimple appearing in the side of his face.

Jenna was glad that she had been laughing before, so that she was red now, that Gareth would not notice the sudden blush that crept over her pretty features.

"It's better than leaving her to you!" Jenna blew a raspberry at him, then shut the door in their faces, leaving two bewildered boys standing out in the hallway.

"So what'd you hear?" Gareth asked Isaac curiously.

"Nothing, really. Just sporadic bursts of laughter from Jenna." Isaac sighed, blinked at the door a few times, then trudged back downstairs, mumbling something about a snack.

~~~~~

"Boys are dorks! All of them!" Jenna said tiredly, as she plopped herself back in the chair.

"Even your precious Gareth?" Mia chirped, ducking under the covers as Jenna swung at her head.

"Gareth is a bonehead. Has been, is, and always will be." Jenna said, defiantly, stomping around the room, then pausing to look out the window. "...It looks like it might clear up soon."

"That's good."

"Yes, it is good, seeing we need to have Isaac there, and, oh, he needs a *perfectly healthy* partner to go with him -- he can't slow dance alone, y'know?"

"Yeah. Right. And Gareth needs a dance partner too!" Mia chuckled, still under the covers.

"Mia, I'm warning you -- "

"You're supposed to take care of me, not try and kill me!" The sick healer retorted. Jenna stuck her tongue out at her.

"I'm going to go out and get you a bit of that honey bread, if Gareth hasn't eaten all of it. Okay? I'm *caring* for you."
Jenna gave Mia face, then stalked out, heading downstairs, when --

"Oomph!"

"Ow!"

Ivan and Dora looked up to see a mess of Mars adepts in front of the stairs.

"Oh dear." Dora said, a hand going up to her mouth instinctively.

"Oh no..." Ivan sighed.

"Hey! Watch where you're going!"

"Watch where *you're* going!"

"You ran into me!"

"You knocked me over!"

"You probably ate all of the bread!"

"You have no evidence!"

"I'll ask Isaac, or Ivan! They ought to know if you ate the bread, you pig!"

"Jenna, if I didn't know any better, I'd say *Isaac* ate the bread -- "

"I did not!" The Venus adept called from the kitchen.

"See? Ivan's not the type to tick me off like that, so you ate it, with or without evidence -- "

"Dears, there's still plenty of bread. I gave a little to the patients, that's all." Dora intervened, looking rather flushed from the warm fire in the hearth.

Jenna glanced from between Gareth, Dora, and Ivan, who blinked innocently. Then, she gave a snort, and stomped off to the kitchen, much to Isaac's horror.

"There's a Mars adept's temper!" Dora tsked, rearranging blankets on a table. "Isaac has no idea what he's doing with all this..."

"That Jenna -- " Gareth started, but, as to be expected, Ivan cut in.

"Is who you like!" He chirped.

"Don't anger him, Ivan!" Isaac called. There was a yell following, then Jenna stalked back out, gave Gareth a mean look, then pounded on up the stairs, making all of the patients look in fright.

"Looks like Jenna got to Isaac too. We can't have him injured before the Festival..." Dora sighed. "Isaac, dear, are you okay?" She went to investigate.

Ivan chuckled softly, then went to busy himself with the fire. Gareth remained where he was, stroking his chin thoughtfully. How exactly **had** he fallen in love with that spitfire of a girl?

~~~~~

Mia sighed, pulling at her pillow. Jenna had left a half hour ago, saying that she had to make sure Felix wasn't planning any more surprises for the rest of them, and to go home to dinner, politely refusing Dora's invitation. Jenna was a good friend, teasing and giggling about boys, and urging her to go on a date with Isaac - which, of course, she always refused to. Isaac seemed to be a nice enough guy, but there was just a road-block of confusion right there. Gareth sometimes flirted with her, but that was merely humor between good friends. Isaac did flirt with her... \*sometimes.\* You had to squint to see it. Did Isaac... well...

/Do you want to find out if Isaac likes you?/ An all-too familiar voice squeaked in her mind.

/Oooh, Isaac \*likes\* her?/

A chorus of Djinn voices stormed through her head and she tried, futilely, to block them out.

/You didn't \*know?\*/ Fizz squeaked, surprise tinting its voice.

/It's not obvious enough!/

/Of course it's not obvious... Isaac never shows the right signs!/

/You bribed Flint!/

/Yeah!/

/How else would you know?/

/I pay attention, unlike the rest of you rowdy little -- /

Mia stuffed a pillow over her head as Djinni ramblings poured through her mind. She didn't hear the door open,

and for a little while, Isaac stood there, amused as Mia yelled to her Djinn to stop squabbling. When silence suddenly dominated the squeaking, she cracked one eye open. The Djinn giggled as she reddened to the color of Garet's hair.

"Oh, Isaac! ...Um... Sorry..."

"Yeah, I have Djinn problems too... Evil things they can be, even though they helped in saving the world."

/We are NOT evil!/ Granite squeaked.

/Yeah! Only Flint is!/"

/Hey!/ The said Djinni yelled back at the others.

"Flint, be quiet."

/Are you on their side?!/"

"Maybe I am. Be quiet."

/Hmph./

"Um, Isaac... Why'd you come up here?"

"Oh, my mother said to come check up on you. And I... Um..." He blushed furiously. "I also need to ask you something."

Mia put up a mental block in her mind, knowing her gossiping Djinn would only make things worse.

"Well, you can see I'm perfectly fine. Even better if these wretched little things weren't here. What do you need to ask?" Her face was calm, but her insides were stretching and twisting in ways she didn't know were possible...

"Um, well.. You know the Festival of Sol and Luna..." She nodded. "Will you... Uh... Accompany-me-to-the-dance?" The last part came out in a rush of words, and she blinked. "Only if you get better, of course... I don't want to force you out if you still have a fever..."

"The fever's already almost gone. Of course, Isaac. I couldn't bear to leave you to those fanatic girls jumping to dance with you... Of course. I'll show mercy and accompany you to the dance." Mia smiled. Isaac could've sworn his insides turned to mush at the delighted turn of her lips and sparkling, dancing eyes.

/Oh, he's fallen!/ Spritz squeaked, giggling.

/Yeah, and hard!/ Dew chuckled.

~~~~~

End

~~~~~

Ooooh..... ::Doesn't know what else to say::

[Stephanie: o.o]

\_;;;;; Sorry for the lack of updates. I've been skimming around, poking my nose in the Rurouni Kenshin section, and I've always been addicted to Fluffy/Kago stories... Meh. That, and I like bugging Felix!

[Stephanie: 'Bugging' is synonymous with 'torturing.']

Hey! You have no evidence! .....O\_O;; You know what synonymous means?!!

[Stephanie: ::Blinks:: Hey, I do! ::Blinks:: No, wait... Wait...  
No, I don't.]

.....00;;;

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

Midnight C: You're always so nice..... o\_O;; ::Can't imagine  
Midnight C with an axe:: ....Never mind, I don't \*want\* to  
imagine it...

Mr. Jupiter: I'm glad it's interesting, if nothing else. Yeah,  
'interesting....'

Snoopy6458: ^\_^!!

Tsuka: .....Yay!~~Chickens!~~..... oo;

xT-Zealot: Yeah, so it seems...

My BumIsOnFire: Are you complimenting me or criticizing  
me? I hate trying to decide, so be a dear and tell me, 'kay?

FYI: Whee! I'll be rich!! ^\_^ I'm a \*special\* person!

[Stephanie: EVERYBODY knows that.]

Shut up, equally-as-insane-as-me-muse.

Shadow: -\_-;; She has training from a certain crazy homicidal  
muse...

[Stephanie: XD!!]

PhishyKiss: Doesn't matter, s'long as it's positive. ^\_^ And  
makes me update, right? Right!

Wayward Son: Nonetheless, it doesn't matter. I cheer up at your reviews, for some reason...

TimeSage: Yeah, that was a twist, wasn't it? ^\_^ You know I like being weird. Heh...

yuggrl14: Okie-dokie-pokie! ^^

[Stephanie: .....Twenty-six reviews! Holiness!]

Yeah, I know.

[Stephanie: There goes your plan of 'humbling yourself.']

Meh, I was just saying that. How can I, when I'm this popular?

[Felix: Stop torturing me....!]

You missed out on Core, and I had to run around for like an hour to find him/her/it.

[Felix: ...It... Was of... um.. Well, Jenna was the one missing it...]

So? I like Jenna! She's cool!

[Felix: ....]

Yeah, too bad for you, maybe coolness doesn't run in the family. ^\_^

[Felix: .....What about Garet?]

He's an oaf, but... Yeah, he's cool. I'd like it if he was faster, tho. That, and have a larger brain...

[Felix: You're so evil!]

More so than..... Alex trying to steal the cookies under Stephanie's nose?

[Felix: Yes. Of course.]

::Smacks him:: That was bad, and you know it! And besides, you tried borrowing my computer!

[Felix: It was for a good reason!]

Tch. Spreading 'World Peace' again, Felix?

[Felix: ...Yeah!]

::Sighs:: We're all hopeless dorks here, so make us feel better and review! ^\_\_^ And give me some innovative ideas to tort--um, BUG Felix!

[Felix: .....-\_-;;;]

## **\*Chapter 5\*: A picnic and its down'falls'**

The Matchmaker

Really, I'm starting to get reeeeeeeally suspicious of some of you. I mean, Midnight C has *\*always\** been too good...  
::Squints:: Eh, maybe it's just me. ::Suddenly snickers:: I just noticed I wrote 'That Matchmaker' instead of 'The Matchmaker.' It's just me, but.... XD Sorry. Been around 'All that jazz!' - Matthew too much.

~~~~~

Disclaimer: Haven't we gone over this?

~~~~~

~~~~~

The Matchmaker

Chapter five

~~~~~

~~~~~

"I know you guys are up to something."

The whispers stilled.

"Stop it, will you? Maybe you guys have an inkling of what I'm thinking, but only I can really tell what my heart thinks. Sometimes."

/Sometimes!/ The Djinn squealed.

/Jinx./

/Flint, shut up!/

/I get to pinch you, Quartz!/

/No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no!/

/Hey, stop runnin' so fast!/

/Pudgy!/

/Shut up! You've gained pounds, Granite, I know!/

/Right. And we don't eat./

/You do./

/You do to./

By this time, Quartz had found a safe spot in Isaac's trademark yellow scarf. The Venus Adept sighed and tucked a strand of unruly hair behind his ear. Granite and Flint were known for their bickering. There was only one little peacemaker that could end their arguments, and that was --

/Boys, be quiet!/

/Flower!/

/Why do you argue who's chubbier? We all look the same, don't we?/

/Uh, yeah, but Flint's -- /

/Granite sneaks -- /

/Boys!/

/Sorry, Flower./

/Sorry./

/That's better. Be good and do the Under the Bed, okay?/

/But the Under the Bed -- /

/We did it last week!/

/Do you want a heavier punishment?/

/No ma'am./

/Good!/

Isaac chuckled quietly to himself as Flower returned herself to his shoulder. The 'Under the Bed' was the punishment she gave to the naughty 'little ones.' Otherwise, it was literally cleaning the dust that had collected over the week under Isaac's bed.

"The rag's in the bathroom, under the sink." The Venus adept called to the exiting Djinn.

/Hmph./

"What?" He called innocently after them. One of the two snorted indignantly at him. Ah, he loved the fact Felix had given him Flower. Days like these were just so easier with her around. And, what he liked most, was that all of the other Earth Djinn were smitten with her. Especially the 'Arguing Ones.' "Flower, what should I do?"

/Go take Mia somewhere!/

"Flower!"

/Well...../

"You have to be so girlish."

/Excuse me, Isaac! I happen to -- /

"Okay, okay."

/Hmph! Then... Um... Sorry. That's all I can think of./

"Take Mia somewhere?"

"Take me somewhere where?"

"Oh, uh, hi, Mia....."

/Teeheehee! So where are you going to take her?/

"Flower, be quiet." He hissed under his breath.

"Isaac?" She asked, now starting to get somewhat suspicious.

"Uh, Mia... Um. What are you doing out of bed?"

"Isaac, the fever's long gone, and I feel perfectly fine."

"You sure you have your equilibrium in check?"

"Be quiet." She retorted.

"You know you had a fainting spell yesterday..."

"I'm fine now. I know myself best, right?" Mia leaned on the doorframe, arms crossed over her chest.

"How about a picnic?" Jenna suggested, suddenly appearing beside Mia. "It's a perfect day!"

"A picnic?"

"Yes, a picnic! C'mon, don't chicken out now!" Jenna winked knowingly at Isaac, and he blushed suddenly. "Mia, let's go! You can't wear those funky robes all the time! You'll overheat and faint again in this weather if you wear those! I know I have something..."

"Arrgh!" Mia yelped as Jenna hooked an arm around hers and yanked her out of view. "Help me!"

"Aww, don't bother. Mia, you gotta look cute for the guy you'll be going to a dance with."

Speaking of dances... The Festival was only in a few days. Mia sighed. She... Was she looking forward to it? Of course she was looking forward to it. Probably not the 'dance all night with Garet-the-toe-stepper' part, but dancing with Isaac, who was most definitely more fluid and graceful than the spiky-haired friend of theirs, would likely to be a pleasant experience...

"How does this look?" Jenna asked, lifting up a short blue dress. Mia meeped, then shook her head wildly. "Oh, c'mon. I'm sure you have great legs under those robes, with all that trekking around the world to save my butt and the lighthouses-thing!"

"It's not that, it's just... In Imil..." Mia trailed off. Bad, bad, bad. This wasn't Imil. And of course, Jenna was sure to pick up on that.

"In Imil what? Girls can't be girls? Mia, you gotta look pretty for Isaac, or he'll shunt you off to the side! And we all know

you don't want that, right?" Jenna placed the dress up beside Mia, then leaned back, and stroked her chin in a very-un-Jenna-like way. "Hmm. You're right on this one, though. It doesn't match your persona." She took it away, then whisked another one out.

....And so it was for at least five more hours....

Well, it probably wasn't five hours. Mia **thought** it was five hours, though. Personally, being Jenna's mannequin did nothing to ease her worries about the dance. Or this picnic, for that matter. Please let it rain, please let it rain, please let it rain, Mia begged. I beseech you, gods!

"Ah, if this doesn't cut it, then I don't know what will... That, or we'll have to order something from Kalay." Jenna sighed. Mia was beginning to wonder where all this blue clothing turned up -- no offense to her friend, but blue wasn't Jenna's best color.

She lifted up a blue-and-purple dress on a hanger. The style was simple enough -- it seemed to be like a blue sundress that went down to her ankles. The sleeves were short and opened out in the bell-like fashion. Jenna produced a light purple silky tie to go with it.

"It's beautiful!" She squealed in delight.

Mia, apparently, deep down, was just a simple Imilian healer that had no real knowledge of courting. Alex was more like a kid brother -- always complaining, 'Why do I have to do that?' or 'Why do I have to visit that old couple? They're scary!' and such. Alex never understood... Never, never. The day he understood, she had thought in her days of continuous healing, the world would end and the lighthouses would be lit. Of course, the latter part of that happened. The world hadn't ended yet...

"Alright, then. Let's get you fitted!"

Mia blinked as Jenna whirled around her like a fitful gale trying to get out of an enclosed area.

"Um, do you really need to do all this just to fit me for a dress? We're physically the same height, aren't we?"

"Probably, but you don't want to trip over the hem or it to be too baggy." Jenna gave her a wink. "But, you're in luck. We are the same height and all that business, so all you have to do is slip this on."

~~~~~

Downstairs, Isaac fidgeted nervously, only partially listening to his Djinn's chatter and Gareth's blathering. He wore loose tan breeches, a blue shirt, and, amazingly enough, his famous yellow scarf. (Garet personally thought it was all a "fashion statement.") Garet himself wore practically the same thing, but with an obvious more amount of reddish colors rather than Isaac's softer hues.

His Djinn's chatter dwindled off to silence as Jenna and Mia stepped delicately down the stairs. Jenna, in her red blouse and skirt, was positively eye-catching -- literally. Isaac blinked to rid his eyes of the spots. Mia looked self-conscious in her sundress, fidgeting with a bracelet on her wrist.

"Mia, you look pretty." Isaac said sincerely, taking her hand gently. Mia blushed, looking down at her shoes.

"How cute!" Jenna giggled to Gareth, squeezing his arm tightly. Gareth, though, was staring at her, seemingly entranced. "...Garet?"

"Um... Buh?"

Jenna sighed, pinched his cheek, and tugged him along, grabbing the basket made by Dora on the counter.

"It's a nice day for a picnic, isn't it?" Isaac remarked as they went up and down stairs, towards the base of Mount Aleph, where trees would provide shade, and the ruins of Sol Sanctum (I'm guessing they're ruins, after the explosion, and the whole 'Mt. Aleph fell after the Lighthouses were lit' sort of thing). He couldn't help but think about what he felt when Vale was destroyed...

"Isaac?" Mia said carefully, tapping his cheek lightly with her hand. "Are you fine? Your eyes just glazed over..."

"Oh, uh, I um... I'm fine, thank you, Mia..." His eyes slid over to the hand that still rested on his cheek. Mia's eyes widened and she snatched her hand back, holding it as though it were a mortal wound.

"They're just like kids in love!" Jenna chuckled. "So naive..."

And Gareth was silent, still staring at Jenna...

~~~~~

"Right here. Nice and shady." Jenna announced, opening up the basket and tossing out a red- and white-checked blanket. While Mia set out various foods, Gareth *continued* to --

"Oh, poo. I forgot to ask for something to drink..." Jenna muttered, turning the empty picnic basket over. "C'mon, Gareth, run back to your house and get a container, won't you? Then come down to the river."

Garet sighed, finally taking his eyes off her. Jenna pat him on the back and they went separate ways.

After asking his mother for a container, Garet went back out to find Jenna on the opposite bank, waving cheerily at him. Grumbling incoherent things under his breath, he went down a flight of stairs, across the bridge, down another flight of stairs, then went back up north to where Jenna awaited him.

"Got it." He said, noting the obvious. Jenna snatched the container from him and stooped at the bank, where cool, clear water ran past their feet. "Careful, Jenna, the ground is slippery..."

"You're not my mother, Garet, I know that. Do you know *how* many years we've been living here?"

"Well, nice of you to note 'we,' instead of 'you'..."

Jenna rolled her eyes and took another step forward, crouching as she filled the container. Once the container filled, she leaned back, but her right foot skidded, thusly making her land on her rear end in wet sand.

"Eww! Garet, help me up! Gross..."

....Why did he have a bad feeling about this?

Garet leaned to help her up, his feet finding footing on smooth, slippery stones. As he yanked her up, *his* feet slid, and --

Splash.

~~~~~

Isaac and Mia looked up. Mia glanced back at Isaac, her eyes holding concern for their blundersome friends.

"Did you hear something?"

"It's probably the waterfall... Don't worry about it."

"But Gareth and Jenna -- "

"Mia, you worry too much. They both dislike water, and neither of them like falling in it, so chances are, they won't likely fall into the river."

"Those two are so unlucky, though..." Mia said, sighing to herself. Isaac chuckled and pat her hand reassuringly.

~~~~~

"GARET! Ack, my outfit's ruined!"

"I'm sorry, okay, and... oof!" Jenna had pushed her weight upon him when she stood, dripping wet. "Oww..."

Garet tried standing, but slid again and landed head-first in the water. He sat up again abruptly, but took more time in standing. He averted his eyes when Jenna glowered at him dangerously.

"Please don't Dragon Fume me..." He mumbled, wringing out a portion of his shirt. Jenna gave an infuriated sort of sound.

"Maybe I will! Or a Flare Wall! Gareth..." She trudged over to the bank, twisting her hair. "You're such a clumsy one..."

"Hey, that's why Isaac had holes in his roof." Gareth shrugged, walking over to sit next to her. The container was tucked against a bunch of rocks, completely empty. They both sighed.

"Get that filled, Gareth, but don't fall in again. We should get back soon." Gareth did as he was told, then they went back up the many flights of stairs.

~~~~~

"Jenna, Gareth! What happened?" Isaac stood. He either chose not acknowledge the glares that were passed from Jenna to Gareth, or didn't notice at all.

"They fell into the river... It's so easy to tell..."

"Mmfph." Jenna grumbled. Gareth looked sheepish.

"I said I was sorry..."

"You ruined my favorite outfit, Gareth..."

"Sorry..."

"Stop it!"

"I'm sorry!"

Mia glanced at Isaac, who glanced at her. Mars Adepts and their bickering...

"Please, can we just have our picnic? You'll ruin it for the rest of us." Mia piped up. Jenna's mouth was open to retort something, but she closed it quickly. Gareth crossed his arms over his chest.

"She's right." Jenna said grimly. Gareth nodded slowly.

"Argue about it later." Isaac said, but gods knew where that would lead...

And the four sat down to their picnic lunch, unknowing that  
\*someone else\* was watching and planning...

~~~~~

End

~~~~~

Good Lord, I've got a chapter finished. Any ideas as of who  
that 'mysterious person' is? No, it's not any of the  
atagonists...

[Stephanie] Grrrrr...

What now?

[Stephanie] \*He's\* not home...

-\_-;; ::Sigh:: And if we're lucky, he never will be, or my phone  
bills will sky-rocket..

[Felix] T\_T Garet pushed Jenna into the river! GRAAGGH!

Uh oh. O\_o; Rampaging Felix. Not good. I'll try and pen him  
up for the time being, but 'till then, review, pleeeaaase... Next  
chapter is the \*first half\* of the Dance... Actual Isaac/Mia-  
ness! And Garet and Jenna make up. ^\_^ Sheba pays a visit,  
and even a favorite Lemurian shows up...

[Felix] \*Grabs Sol Blade\* DIE, GARET!

....o\_o; Eep...

- Review, please, it'll stop Felix and make me happy... -

## **\*Chapter 6\*: Felix, Ivan, and a box**

The Matchmaker

^\_\_^ I've gotten reviews from Midnight C AND Triad Orion!  
W00t! ::Runs around in glee:: Wheeeee...!! Go me!  
::Dancedance::

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Disclaimer: I don't own GS or GS2. If I did, I'd have Felix for my own purposes, Picard would be *known* as Picard, and Djinn wouldn't be as hellishly annoying. Yep. But I don't. So... Yeah.

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The Matchmaker(s)

Chapter six

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Felix growled as Gareth gave his sister a light shove for making some odd comment. He then proceeded to watch Jenna bat him over the head, miss, then backhand him, thusly knocking Gareth unconscious. His sister was so violent, sometimes...

"Garet, are you okay?" Isaac asked, trying to ignore the death glare Jenna gave him.

"The girl has a mean backhand..." Mia said, patting said homicidal Mars Adept on the arm lightly. "Ply."

"Nnnngggmphyhagh..." Gareth meeped as he saw Jenna next to him. He rolled away, then sat up, rubbing his forehead.

"Owww..."

"It's a little late for that, Gareth." Isaac chuckled. "You feeling okay?"

"Yeah, but... Nnn.... Oww! That hurt..."

Mia sighed.

"Come back over here, dufus. Don't provoke Jenna anymore, you know what she can do..." Gareth crawled over, making a wide arc around Jenna to get to Mia. She placed her hand on his head and murmured another Ply.

"Oww... Oooh! It tingles!" Gareth clutches his head and shook it around wildly.

"I think he's just hopeless, Mia. Let him be." Isaac said, biting into a sandwich while Gareth whined about the 'minty-freshness' envading his mind.

"You sure?" The Mercury Adept asked, a delicate hand on her chin.

"He's always been like that. Suffers from brain-freeze very spontaneously."

"Hmph, the jerk deserves it, he pushed me into the river." Jenna grumbled, poking at some potato salad she could almost swear moved. She had used a weak Flare on herself to get the wetness out, but some dampness still remained. Curse that Gareth. That Gareth she liked.

"I... ooh, it tingles! I did not! I... Mmmph! Slipped!" Gareth shook his head wildly.

Mia glanced back at Isaac, who shrugged and reached for a pastry. Mia slapped his hand away, scolding him, "You don't eat dessert before the actual meal, Isaac."

"Dessert?" He asked, weakly, blinking away the purple dots that those beautiful blue eyes gave him.

Felix sighed at Isaac's helplessness. And Jenna supposedly \*liked\* that idiot? ...Well, Mars Adepts were always known for their endurance, their temper, and their near-sightedness...

"Felix? What are you doing here?"

Felix eeped and jumped around, hand on the hilt of his sword, expecting to find some beastly chimera or walking tree, but only found Sheba, arms crossed over her chest and a questioning look on her young face.

"I... oh. Um, hi, Sheba."

"You know, you're really frightening when you squeal like a scared child."

"I do? I mean..."

Sheba chuckled quietly behind her hand.

"Felix, you've been spending too much time watching Gareth, I think... You're starting to become an oaf like him..."

"Hey!"

Sheba waved him off, managing to stop her chuckling from becoming a gale of laughter.

"Anyhow... You're too overprotective, you know that? Gareth isn't going to jump Jenna and demand her money or haul her off to Prox, you know. They're best friends, after all."

"I know that!" Felix said stoutly. "Older brothers are supposed to \*be\* overprotective."

"Rrrright... Gareth is an older brother, but he really doesn't care about what happens to Kay (or that scary little brother of his). And normally, older siblings would rather like it if somebody hauled off their kid sister or brother to Prox or somewhere..."

Felix sighed.

"Sheba, did you come here to lecture me?"

"Partially. Your mother wants you down at the square to move something."

"Why can't my father do it?"

"Don't be a selfish idiot, Felix. Your father's suffering from back pains currently. Ivan's down there, too, but Iris only knows how much he can do..."

Felix gave her a sour look and stalked off.

"No squealing, now, Felix!" Sheba called after him. She took one more look at his retreating figure, then another at the picnicking Adepts, before she took off in a different direction altogether.

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With Felix-kun

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Felix went down to the square to find utter chaos. (Not that it wasn't uncommon nowadays, with all the "Golden Hero" Adepts, but...) There was a fairly large crate in front of the Psynergy stone, with a group of people around it with various cutting devices. Women were fussing to the right side of the stone, arguing that a nice blue would highlight the stone's natural light, but a dark violet would be much more romantic for would-be couples. (Felix rolled his eyes at them.) Then, to the left, little boys and girls were running around with streamers. Near them, a cat and dog chased each other around, occasionally tackling each other, causing a dust cloud, then parting again to run off while yelling animal obscenities at each other.

Well, this was one of the more normal days....

He walked around to the right side, which was his left. Immediately, some young ladies that were supposedly 'infatuated with him' as his sister put it (who wouldn't be? ^_^) came up to him to ask about the blue-purple debate.

"Oohh, Felix! There you are! We were just about to go look for you... Tell me, what would be better? This blue tapestry, or -- "

"This LOVELY purple?" Another woman butt the other one out her way, pushing a silken sheet in Felix's face. He blinked, and backed away a step.

"Umm... Well..." He looked between them, trying to do quick calculations in his head. He sighed weakly. "What about silver?"

The ladies looked at each other, their heads cocked to the side.

"Oooh, that'd look nice! Thank you, Felix!"

"Eek!"

Before Felix could manage to mutter 'psychotic women' and walk off to see what the commotion with the crate was, he was bombarded with kisses. He blinked. The ladies walked off, talking amongst themselves while they went into the inn. Felix grumbled under his breath and continued on while rubbing the heels of his hands into his cheeks.

"What's going on here?" He asked over the hubbub of the crowd. They stilled, noticing one of the 'saviors of the world' standing there with a cross sort of look on his face. (It was also that sort of look that read, "Don't tick me off now, because I just got kissed by some psychotic women you know I love to hate.")

"Oh, um, Felix!" His mother came over to him, wiping at her sweaty forehead tiredly. "The crate was open... once... And Ivan went in to start taking things in, but the children ran by, closed the crate's doors (I never knew crates HAD doors until now!), and now, Ivan's stuck in there..."

"Where did this crate come from?" Felix asked in disbelief as the crowd parted to let him through. He walked around the wooden box, placing his ear on the side to hear if Ivan was indeed, in there.

"Sir Hammet delivered it to us as a gift." His mother answered. "Can you open it?"

"Let's see... Is there anything inflammable in there?"

"Yes... That's why I didn't call your sister. I'm afraid she'll burn the box, Ivan, and everything else down..."

"There's a lock or something in there?"

"When we opened it the first time, some pieces of wood came off, so we're guessing it's wedged..."

"Oh. Hm." Felix pulled his Levatine out (That's what he has in my game ^-^) and prodded at the box. He continued to wander around it. As he found the supposed wedged opening, he poked the edge of his sword in...

"OW!"

Felix yanked it out very quickly.

"Ivan?"

"OW!"

"Sorry!"

"Owww...!!"

"Ivan, are you alright?" Felix's mother asked, rushing up and pressing her ear to the side of the box.

"Does it... OW! Sound like I'm... Ooh! Okay?!"

"Ivan, don't be rude to my mother!" Felix snapped.

"Sorry, but... OW! You poked my side pretty hard!"

"Ivan, move! I'm going to try and poke my sword in again!"

"I... I can't! There's no room! I'm shoved up against some tables and..... pillars, I think!"

Felix sighed.

"Excuse me!"

Felix's ears perked and he turned around. Picard waved to him cheerily, walking in from the entrance.

"Oh, Picard! What are you doing here?"

"I haven't seen you and everyone for a few months, Felix. And it's the time of the Dance, or so Sheba told me. I decided to come. I have official consent from King Hydros."

Felix nodded, Ivan's predicament momentarily forgotten.

"Ivan's stuck in there, isn't he? I heard, coming from Vault."

"Mmm, well..."

"Let me see..." Picard went to inspect the sides, fingering the slightly splintered wood thoughtfully. "Oh, this shouldn't be all that difficult. Get the citizens to stand back a bit, please, Felix?"

"You heard the man. Stand back." Felix's mother said, ushering them away from the box. Felix shrugged and went to stand beside Picard.

"What do you plan on doing?"

"Freezing the crate without freezing the inside, then shattering the opening. The crate's hinges are loose, so if you hit it hard enough, it'll break into pieces, and Ivan will be free."

"You hear that, Ivan?" Felix tapped the crate.

"Yeah. Get me out, it's stuffy in here!"

Felix gave a nod, then stepped back a bit. Picard whispered a "Frost," and the crate was covered in a layer of ice.

"Jenna's Burst Brooch would be useful now..." Felix muttered. "But then, Ivan would go to smithereens, and everything else would, too..."

"Felix, are you talking to yourself?" Picard asked, a twinkle in his golden eyes. Felix flushed and looked away, now humming. The Lemurian chuckled and went back up to the crate. "You ready, Ivan?"

"It's now or never. It's sweltering in here..."

Picard then gave the crate a mighty punch, and the makeshift door shattered into millions of tiny ice shards. The crowd burst out into applause as Ivan stumbled out, and fell in a heap at Picard's feet. Immediately, they surged forward to get the numerous decorations out. Picard picked up the exhausted teenager and stepped off to the side.

"Ugh, that hurt..."

"Sorry."

"Oh, don't be such a crybaby, Ivan! It's just a scratch!"

"You call this a scratch, Picard? Are you nuts?"

"Ivan, I'm sure you remember the time Gareth suffered that 'mortal wound,' as Mia put it? In his stomach? And Isaac's gotten a nasty chop to his leg before, and I've almost lost my hand before. Need I go on?"

"Mmmph. Shut up, Felix." Ivan grumbled. Felix ruffled the boy's naturally messy hair (making it look more like shrub

than anything). Picard cast a Ply on him but still steadied him with his arm.

"Oh, there's Sheba. I need to help with setting up (why haven't they set up already, anyhow?), so why don't you go talk to her?" Felix suggested.

"Picard, you're here!"

Ivan was dropped into Felix's arms as Sheba gave Picard a flying hug. She hung from his neck, a few feet from the ground. Ivan glanced back at Felix, who shrugged.

"All girls are like that, Ivan. Picard just seems to have more luck with them than we do."

Ivan gave Felix a glare.

"Are you saying girls don't like me?" He asked, obviously offended by the Earth adept's remark.

"Well, not necessarily, but did Sheba give you a flying tackle when you came?"

"Um, no, but..."

Felix pat him on the back and went off to help the citizens of Vale with the numerous tables, chairs, pillars, and other oddities. Ivan gave him a look that resembled, 'Now here's an odd one,' but followed him to help as well, hoping the crate wouldn't fall on him this time. (Oh, poor Ivan... I'm feeling particularly nasty to you today. ^_~)

"Picaaaard! What took you so long? You were supposed to be here yesterday!" Sheba said, dropping to the ground. Picard offered her a grin and looked sheepish.

"Well, besides pirates, rough waters, and the occasional sea dragon..."

"Oh, I see. I didn't think the Eastern Sea was this bad after we defeated Poseidon."

"King Hydros told me to be wary. With the lighthouses lit, one can never be really sure."

"Hm, that is true. Where are you going to be staying?" The topic of the lighthouses was still a bit rickety to talk upon.

"I was hoping the inn wouldn't be full -- "

"What? What makes you think that? You can stay at Gareth's. I believe there's enough room. Let's see, since Mia and I are staying with Jenna, Ivan is staying with Isaac, so, yes. You will be able to stay with Gareth."

"Are you sure he won't mind?" Picard didn't mean to be rude, but Gareth was... well, odd. The time they had to room together, he and Ivan didn't get any sleep. Gareth was mumbling things about 'a pink Saturos juggling a baby blue cabbage,' or so he thought. He involuntarily shivered. He really didn't want to dwell upon it.

"Of...." Sheba paused a moment. Poor Picard. He wouldn't be able to stand Gareth, if Isaac, his childhood best friend, couldn't stand him. "Um, actually, I'm sure Isaac wouldn't mind! Gareth has... er.... *Relatives* over, now that I think about it." Sheba hurriedly said, poking the tips of her index fingers together.

"Oh, wonderful." She noticed Picard's mortified sort of look hidden in his eyes died away to a pleasant, happy sparkle.

"Come on. Dora would be happy to set you up with a spare room." As they walked, Sheba only remembered then that the Festival was in two days. Hmm.... Her gaze lingered to the ruins of the once great cliff, barely visible behind a large clump of trees. Only two days to the Festival, then that night, Isaac had to tell Mia, or else she'd go back to Imil, to be likely wed off to some stranger...

"Sheba?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm worried about..." Dare she tell him?
"...Isaac."

"So the man has finally realised women?" Picard chuckled. Sheba would gape, but that would make her look like Garet. So she didn't.

"Mia, specifically."

"I see. And you want to stick them together, now?"

"Yeah... But Mia seems completely oblivious to Isaac's random displays of affection, adn vice versa..."

Picard sighed dramatically.

"Ah, Isaac! I shall smote thee! Thou has not realised the love your fair maiden has for thee!"

Sheba raised her eyebrow. Yep. Vale was meant for weirdos like them.

~~~ And back with Felix, Ivan, and the rest of Vale...

"IVAN!"

"I'm sorry! I couldn't help it!"

"You're such an idiot sometimes, you know that?"

"Felix, go throw yourself in the river!"

"Ivan, that was uncalled for!"

"Well, so was that comment that I'm an idiot!"

"Hmph. You tipped the box over onto yourself! Who's the idiot?"

Felix's mother sighed. Had she known about the "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?" gameshow, she would've stopped at the 1,000,000 dollar question, as it would obviously be: "Who argues more? A. Felix and Jenna, B. Isaac and Ivan, C. Isaac and Gareth, or D. Felix and Ivan?" She would've saved all of her lifelines to this question, but it would be of no use.

It's a four-way tie, she would think hopelessly.

"....And who got stuck in the box earlier? And had to be saved by the gallant Picard, who came ALL the way from LEMURIA, Ivan?"

"And who's the one who's too over-protective of his dear, younger little sister that can make Saturos whimper and hide under his bed that has a bedspread of little ducks? And who had a temporary crush on MENARDI, FELIX?"

"How'd you get your little cursed hands on my diary, Ivan? ...And how'd you know Saturos had a ducky bedspread? I never wrote that!"

"Ah, the things Jenna can tell you when you have a bit of dirt on her... Like, say, she likes Gareth?"

"IVAN, you are so dead! Never mind, I'll just leave you there!"

"Go ahead! Someone's bound to lift this!"

"But today? Dearest little Ivan, who is no doubtedly weaker than I am, since I happen to be larger, older, and have a greater advantage in this current situation, do you think it'll happen today? Everyone's busy, and currently, everybody thinks I'm talking to a tipped over box!"

....Curse that blasted Felix.

"I'll get you, Felix! ONE DAY!"

"I believe Earth has a greater advantage to Wind, Ivan. When it comes to the offensive." Ivan could hear the box creak as Felix sat down upon it.

"Yeah? I could Spark Plasma your rear end off ANY DAY!"

"Really... When did you learn Spark Plasma, Ivan?" Felix said dryly, checking his nails boredly.

....Cursed that blasted Felix to the depths of --

Felix's attention was drawn back up to the ruins of Mt. Aleph, where he could've sworn he saw a red spark fly up and explode.

"Oh. I gotta check up on Isaac, Mia, that idiot Garet, and my kid sister, Ivan. Bye."

"Yeah, bye." Ivan muttered sourly. He knew Felix was grinning like the idiot he was, and was waving.

And Felix continued up on his way towards Mt. Aleph, where Jenna was out for Garet's blood, Isaac was trying to decide

between cheering Jenna on, or continuing to eat, and Mia was wondering why the gods placed her on this earth, and whether they were drunk when they did so.

Oh, yes, Vale was a place for weirdos that were Adepts.

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End

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WHOO! Go me, I finished a chapter in LESS THAN A MONTH!  
XD!!

[Felix] O\_o;

[Stephanie] \*Sigh\*

Yay! ^\_\_^ Oh, waitasecond! Do you peeps want this to be an Ivan/Sheba, or a Felix/Sheba? Please submit your vote... I can't decide.

[Felix] I don't like Sheba, though!

That's what you think. -\_- The community thinks differently.

[Felix] You always tell me that. \*Sulks\* Game characters never get the respect they deserve..

Heh. Submit your vote, PLEEZ! IVAN/SHEBA, or FELIX/SHEBA! BWAH! I'll luv you all so much! ^\_^ Three more chapters, I think. I THINK.... Vote, review, comment, whatever! See you next chapter!

[Felix] .....Yay. I got to bother Ivan.

::Throws a pot at his head::

## **\*Chapter 7\*: Day 3: Preparations**

The Matchmaker

Whoo. I love this fic, for some odd reason...

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Disclaimer: BLEH! Oh, and, Fox and Tiger -- that little blip I mentioned -- I got that off of Akiko-san's works. ^\_^;; I loved that story! Look under the username "Alex," the one with 47 (0.0) stories. Hee, Ivan on chocolate -- what would you get with Jenna on chocolate? .....Never mind.

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The Matchmaker

Chapter seven

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Alright, so... It didn't look *\*so\** bad... You could still recognize it. Um. I think.

"FELIX! What did you do?!!"

"Um... You always said I had an artistic ability?"

"An artistic ability...!" Felix's mother slapped her hand into her temple. "I meant with *\*art,\** Felix! Not... Not architecture!"

"Oops." He mumbled.

"Give me that!" She snatched away the blueprint, sighing. My children are all bonkers, she thought miserably. Jenna was a pyromaniac... Sort of. Let's say everyone was wary with her when they had particularly long hair...

And Felix... Let's not go there.

Let us say he had a liking to abstract art...

\*Anyhoo.\*

"Ivan!" Felix's mother (Who shall forevermore be called that, unless in Jenna's presence, otherwise, she will be called 'Jenna's mother') shouted. "Where are you, boy?"

Felix took that precise moment to leave. Or rather, sneak off undetected.

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With Isaac and company...

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"Alright, that's it, I'm going to HIT you, Garet, if you complain about your freaking head one more cursed time!" Jenna stood abruptly, fists clenched. Garet meeped and, obviously, took off running like Poseidon and Azul were after him.

Isaac sighed. Would it always be like this?

"So, um, Mia..." He started cautiously. She faced him, smiling slightly. He forgot what he was going to say, \*if\* he had actually planned anything to say. "What are you going to wear for the dance?"

Oh, he was such an idiot...

"A gown, Isaac... Probably blue, or purple. Do you think I'd show up in my robes?"

"I, um, of course not...! Eheheh..." He chuckled nervously, while mentally kicking himself hard. Duh, of course she was going to a gown, or a dress, whatever women called it nowadays... She wouldn't come --

Bad Isaac.

"Isaac? You look like you're have an inner battle with yourself." Mia said, touching his arm lightly. He jolted. How did she know? She wasn't a certain obnoxious, whiny, sarcastic, the runt-of-the-litter Jupiter Adept... Or the other, much prettier, nicer, one...

"I, well, I am..."

"What for?" Great, she sounded genuinely worried. Obviously worried for his very little mental stability around her... But he wasn't about ready to up and say that she was the very cause of his weirdness. Nope. Not ever.

"GARET! When I catch you, you are a dead man! I shall LAUGH with GLEE at your FUNERAL!"

"Aiiyeeee!"

Felix blinked as Garet whizzed by him, surprised that the talking bulk could actually move that fast.

"Oh, hi, Felix." Jenna said as she rushed by.

Wait a second.

"Felix?!"

Darn. He was hoping he'd go undetected, but the gods were apparently losing a bet or something over him.

"Uh, hullo, Jenna..."

"Felix, what are you doing here?"

Please don't kill me please don't kill me please don't kill me please don't kill me...

"Urm, supervising?"

"Since when?" She asked, hands on her hips. Felix took a step back, feeling a rough surface behind him. Darn these specifically placed trees!

"I.... I saw what Gareth happened to do to you at the river, so I thought I'd come up here and make sure he didn't do anything else stupid." He said in one great big rush. Jenna lifted a finely curved eyebrow.

"Gareth's always stupid, Felix," She said, near to exasperation with him. "That's what makes him so lovable."

Felix was awe-struck for a moment. Jenna's eyes widened considerably, and she clapped her hands over her mouth.

"YOU DID NOT HEAR THAT!"

"I, um, I wouldn't have, except I, erm, did."

"ARRGGH!"

"Who is Jenna talking to?" Mia asked Gareth, who had collapsed before them, panting.

"I dunno, but I could kiss them for all I care, for making that demon stop me!"

"That demon you love?" Mia tittered. Gareth made a move to hurt her, but he would never hit Mia. Nope, not Mia, the goddess of water and of beauty and of light and -- okay, Isaac, you can shut up now.

When they heard Jenna's frustrated yell, they craned their necks to look at her. Or, at least, Mia and Isaac did. Gareth was busy wolfing down the potato salad that had supposedly moved under Jenna's speculative glare.

"Brothers... are... such... a... pain... in... the... butt!" She shrieked, plopping herself down to Gareth, her fist twitching.

"Felix? He was who you were talking to?" Isaac asked. Gareth suddenly stood up, his face pale. He ran down the hill, down to the river, where they could distinctly hear him... shall we say, feeding the few fishes.

Mia was the first to get this and started laughing softly. Isaac turned to look at her, nearly melting at the sight of her happy. "Um, what?"

Mia nearly choked.

"W-well... Gareth said that... that he'd kiss the person who made... Jenna... stop... And that was Felix!"

The realization of this dawned on Isaac, and he fell over, laughing like there was no tomorrow.

And Jenna thought, she wasn't the only psycho one here, now was she?

...But wasn't it the potato salad?, some cynical part of their minds asked. Nah.

Of course not.

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With Sheba and Picard

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"You'll make some nice young lady happy one day, Picard, dear."

Sheba tried to keep from laughing her guts out.

"Yes, yes... You'll have to cut that hair, though. I've always told Felix to cut his hair, but no... That one day he got caught up in that tree..."

That day he walked into a tree? Sheba thought gleefully. No, Dora must mean some other humorous problem that Felix had gotten himself \*entangled\* into.

"...And Kyle had to snip him out with his gardening shears." Dora concluded, hands on her hips.

"I had to do what with my shears?" Kyle asked, walking in from, oddly enough, gardening.

"Cut Felix out of the tree when he was thirteen."

"Oh, that. Fun times." Kyle said absent-mindedly, going to the kitchen to clean up his dirty hands and sweaty face.

"Why isn't he down at the plaza?" Picard asked politely.

"Oh, well... There's too many people down there already. If they need him, they'll just come ask. No need to worry, now, Picard dear."

Picard didn't know whether he liked Isaac's (slightly) odd mother, or was downright afraid of her. She and Sheba seemed to like each other well enough, joking about Isaac, Garet, Felix, and --

"Oh, I remember when we were leaving Lemuria -- "

"Lemuria?"

"Yes, Lemuria -- we were leaving, and Jenna and I were pestering Picard (dear) here what his age was..."

"Oh, did the little dear tell you?"

....Little? He blinked.

"No... He's probably in his five hundreds, though. That'll scare off a girl any day, so I guess that's why he never told us." Sheba and Dora were having a case of side-splitting laughter.

Hmph, women...

"Oh, he looks like he's around Felix's age! Age doesn't matter, even if it *is* a four hundred eighty-something..." Dora's sentence went unfinished as she continued laughing.

"Ma'am, you should stop laughing so hard, you might exert yourself too much..." He warned. Sheba helped Dora into a chair, but she couldn't hide the merriment in her jade green eyes.

"Ah, so you've discovered women, my dear boy." Kyle came back, looking much cleaner, slapping the Lemurian youth (Youth? o\_o) on the back with so much force he stumbled forward.

"Actually, a very long time ago, sir."

This made Sheba burst out laughing all over again. Picard gave her a sour look before retiring to his room upstairs temporarily. He could tell Dora liked him. A lot. He sighed. Vale was for the weird ones...

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With Ivan, who's in da box...

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Ivan sighed. Darn these boxes. He lifted his legs, trying to reach the top with his toes. He couldn't. It was stuffy in here...!

"Hi Ivan."

"Felix." Ivan said crossly.

"My mother's looking for you... So I'm thinking about letting you out."

Really? ....Don't sound over-enthused...

"Huh. I kinda doubt that, though."

"Yeah, so do I." Felix said, as though his mind was elsewhere.

"So what'd Gareth do this time?"

"Garet -- what? No, it was Jenna..."

"Oh. So you faced her wrath." Darn this box! He couldn't read Felix's mind...

"Yeah. She must be on her monthly, or something. I'm surprised my neck didn't break."

Ivan wanted desperately to make a smart comment, but that would probably doom him for a few more days in the box. Hmm, Felix sounded bemused by something... Oh. So maybe he finally had a girlfriend, that stupid --

"Who are you taking to the Festival Dance, Ivan?"

Hey, since when could he pry into his social life?

"I dunno," He said honestly. He couldn't take Sheba, now could he? Hmm... "Maybe Sheba, if she's still free."

"I see."

Ivan was getting twitchy by now. Just get the freaking box off of me! He thought bitterly. Darn these Earth adepts, always so evil and mean and cruel and rude to the always nice and cheerful and mean-well Jupiter adepts! Tch.

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Back with them picnickers...

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Okay, this was for certain. Mia sighed. She leaned slightly on Isaac, who immediately stiffened to her touch. It was obvious the boy -- er, "young man," -- liked her a lot, if not too much. So, he... "loved" her. But did she "love" him? Alright, Mia, enough of the quotation marks. He loved her. She ....loved.... him. At least, she thought she did.

"Mia? Are you in there? We're going to pack up and go back down, Gareth still hasn't come back."

"Oh... Oh! I'm just... thinking..." Yeah, about your beautiful eyes, perfect, heart-warming smile, "exquisite" hair that I long to run my hands (that are not worthy) through...

Uck. Since when was I so lovey-dovey and head-over-heels in love? Mia thought grumpily to herself. Isaac offered her another one of his perfect, heart-warming smiles, and she tried to smile back.

Isaac blinked. What was the matter with Mia?

No time for that, Jenna had already packed up everything in a miraculous amount of time. She was already heading down the steps by the sanctum (So yes, New Vale is just exactly [or nearly] the same as the old Vale...) to go check up on Gareth.

Isaac and Mia walked over to the steps, but Isaac stopped her, pointing. Jenna had near-to collapsed beside the already fallen Gareth, dipping a handkerchief into the cold water to dab at his face. Isaac snickered, but Mia gave him a playful shove.

"They're in love, Isaac! You should respect that."

"In love? Then what do you call what they were doing a little before?"

"Erm, Jenna was chasing after Gareth, who was her one true love? I don't know..." Mia shook her head. Idiot Isaac. Ah, Isaac she loved --

Okay, that's enough, Mia! She shook her head, but slightly, so Isaac wouldn't "worry about her."

"Come on, Isaac." She beckoned to him, and they continued down the path to the stream, where Jenna had finished cleaning up Gareth. He was still sprawled out, looking grumpy and rather pale. Jenna had grass stains on her blouse and skirt, but she didn't seem to matter, when the health of her ickle Garrie-kins was on the line.

Mia appeared to choke as she thought about that.

"You okay, Mia?"

"Fine, perfectly fine, um, allergies..."

Isaac would have accepted that answer, except Mercury adepts, especially a certain one named Mia, didn't \*have\* allergies...

Oh well, she'd tell him in time. Mia kneeled down by Gareth, feeling his forehead with a serious expression over her pretty features. He felt a sudden pang of... what was it? Jealousy? That was random. Maybe it was because he wanted her to care for him like that when he was sick, and only for him, and --

/You're being selfish!/ A little voice squeaked. He brushed it aside without much of a thought.

"Gareth, how many times have you injured yourself in some way today?" He asked, crouching beside said Mars adept. Gareth scowled at him, then ruined his glare when a coughing fit erupted from him.

"And this is all from thinking about kissing Felix? And that potato salad?" Mia asked, giggling softly. Gareth grumbled.

"Kissing my brother? Gareth! I didn't know you went down \*that\* road..." Jenna said, eyes wide.

"I... I... No! It... It's a... erm... um, whatchamacallit..."

"He's just glad Felix stopped you from brutally ripping him into pieces." Mia supplied. Gareth gave her a thankful look.

"So Gareth really isn't -- ?"

"No. Of course not! He loves a certain other Mars adept, doesn't he?" Isaac said, nudging Gareth in the ribs. Jenna flushed a bright pink, and began muttering excuses to get home under her breath.

Jenna gave the picnic basket back to Isaac, and she thanked them for the good time. (Mia wasn't too sure about this, but she let her friend be.) She then scurried off towards her home -- then, she turned around and headed down to the plaza.

"C'mon, Gareth. Let's get you to bed and a nice bowl of hot soup." Isaac heaved Gareth up, supporting most of the red-head's weight and stumbling.

"Ohh... No more food..."

"Mercury! Did he just say 'no more food'?" Mia asked Isaac. "It's a miracle!"

"Shut up, Mia..." Gareth said weakly. Mia giggled and pat him lightly on the shoulder. Ah, what a day... What an outing.

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And, one more final time with Ivan...

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

"Oh, there's my sister. Can't be a good thing."

Nope. Of course not. Ivan couldn't be happier with Jenna's arrival.

"Felix... We need to have a... *Talk.*"

He snickered quietly under the cover of his box.

"Um, well, I'm sorta busy right now, Jenna..."

"You don't *look* busy."

"Uhh, wellll...."

"He's guarding me, Jenna." Ivan called out.

"...Ivan, is that you?"

"Yep. Trapped under this ol' box again, and Felix is *making sure* I don't *escape,* now aren't you, Felix?"

Felix fishmouthed.

"Are you really doing that, Felix?" Jenna asked in her sugary sweet voice. "Now, Ivan hasn't done anything particularly nasty to you as of late, now has he?"

"Um, no, but..."

"So why's he under the box, dear Felix?"

Ivan was trying not to laugh.

"Eh, well, the box tipped, and. . . . uhh.... Oh, look, our mother is calling me." It was apparent the siblings' mother

was not calling Felix, but he sped off anyhow.

"Ivan? Are you still there?"

"Yeah..."

"Oh, well, give me a second."

"Okay."

It was then Ivan realised that having Jenna get the box off of him might not have been such a good idea...

~::~~::~~::~~::~~

End

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I'm so proud of myself. A chapter quickly written. ^__^ And the official pairings of this story are: IsaacxMia, GaretxJenna, and IvanxSheba. I plan on using Felix later, in a, how shall we put this, *sequel,* perhaps. ^_^

[Felix] Eep. 0_o

[Stephanie] *Looking at said sequel's plans* You're planning on making this a -- ?!!

Yeah. ^^; Experimenting, ne?

[Stephanie] B-but...! How will everyone else react to this?

That's why it's called an experiment, baka. -_-;; I probably won't get many reviews, but I'm experimenting. It'll be a challenge, but, eh.

[Stephanie] 0_0;; *Faints*

[Felix] *Takes plans* o_o;; *Looks at the bottom* EEK!

Ehehehehhh... The bunch of you are curious, ne? ^^;; Well, lemme put it this way: You have eight main characters, and if you pair off the mentioned six, which two remain?
.....:Waits:: Exaaaaaactly.

[Felix] You're evil! Vile! Disgusting! Menacing!

Why, thank you, even though I prefer to be labeled crazy.
^__^ It's an experiment, and it'll be fun... Hee. Felix playing hard-to-get... Kekekeke. ^^ Yeah, I'll be going to work on the next chapter.....

[Felix] *Extremely pale* You can't. . . . You.. . ca-can't...

Oh, I can. ^^ You just wait, Felix, dearie. Review, pleez.

***Chapter 8*: Day 2: Dresses and various ways to knock...**

The Matchmaker

::Dancedance:: This is the second-to-last chapter! XD
Whoots, go me. And there'll be an epilogue, methinks... I'm not sure, I don't know what to write. ^_^ And, yeah, that's it. Onwards! Oh, and this is considered the 'Day before the Festival.' I'm not sure if I mentioned that before or not... But... Yeah. Just to verify. And please, don't let the FBM hurt meee! ;;

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The Matchmaker

Chapter eight

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"Nonononononononononononononono!"

"Aw, Mia, come on! It's just a dress!"

"A dress?! It looks like a scarf!"

"Mia! You won't look like a scamp in this, I promise!"

"Nooo!"

"What's going on in there, anyhow? It sounds like everyone in the world screaming as Weyard blows up into pieces."

Garet muttered. Ivan glared at him.

"Don't joke around with the 'Weyard blowing up into little bits' thing, Gareth. It can happen, you know." He said sternly.

"The women are getting dresses." Isaac told Gareth, answering his question. "Sounds like Mia's in mortal danger, or something."

"Isaac, help!" Mia shrieked as the door blasted open. She made a desperate lunge for said Venus adept, almost managing to touch his shoulder, when Sheba and Jenna yanked her back in by the shoulders.

"Mia, you got to look pretty for the Festival!" Jenna cried, forcing her to sit and closing the door so the boys wouldn't peek. "Or Isaac won't care." She added in a hushed whisper. Mia appeared to break out in pink spots.

"Jenna, would a blue or a purple look better?" Sheba asked, holding up materials of the mentioned colors up to Mia's bare arm. "I'd honestly say a mix of the two, but with what the other women have been doing -- "

" -- we'll be lucky if there's any green left." Jenna sighed, chin in hand. Mia had an eerie feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"Do-don't you two have your own dresses to make?" She squeaked as Sheba moved in for the kill -- armed with her measuring tape.

"Mia, we made ours a few days ago. You're nearly the only one who doesn't have a dress."

"What about them?" Mia asked, pointing past her friends to the bustling women fighting over a few inches of cloth.

"Oh, they're just touching theirs up, since they know I'll steal the show." Jenna said absent-mindedly. Sheba managed to snag a bolt of blue silk embroidered with small, white flowers. "....No, that won't do. What can we do?" The Mars adept tapped her foot on the floor, scrutinizing Mia's thin frame. "Hmm..."

"Whatever we have to do to get her with Isaac." Sheba said blandly. Mia gawked.

"You're -- what?!"

"It's a known fact Isaac has had the hots for you for ages, Mia. Sheba and I noticed right off the bat as soon as we met up with you guys in Contigo." Jenna said, putting her glare on a dark purple cloth, then tossing it aside.

Mia felt like fainting. And she did.

~~~~~

"Oh, she's starting to -- "

"Ssssh! Shut up, Gareth!"

"Men..."

"Urrgaaggh...? Wha?" Mia asked, much less eloquent than usual. "Whe-where am I?"

"You're in Isaac's bed, Mia." Sheba informed her. Jenna appeared to chuckle, but recieved a sharp jab in the side from Sheba's elbow. "How are you doing?"

"Fine.. I -- ow, I have a headache."

"No wonder. With all that noise those crazy women were making..." Gareth huffed. Jenna squashed his toe brutally

while nursing the injury Sheba gave her. "What?"

"Shut up, Garet."

"Mia, are you okay, besides that head pain?"

Her drowsy blue eyes traveled over to Isaac, who was holding her hand. As her gaze dropped down to her clutched palm, he blushed and dropped it, then picked it up again so her arm wouldn't be at an awkward angle.

"I'm..." She paused, noticing the nice warmth of his hands on hers. "Yeah, I'm okay. Some medicine, though, would be nice."

Sheba appeared to be stifling a giggle. Jenna was about to whack her over the head, but she was saved from losing brain cells by Dora.

"Oh, Mia, I got so worried when you had another fainting spell! I suppose dress-making got your worn out?"

"Um, yes, it did, ma'am..."

Dora smiled at her knowingly, pat Isaac on the head, and gave her a glass of water and a capsule to swallow. Isaac seemed to be mortified. Mia chuckled, swallowed the pill, downed the water, and gave Isaac's hand a slight squeeze.

"Can I get up?"

"You sure? We don't think the fever's come back." Sheba slipped one of her hands onto Mia's forehead, but the Mercury adept threatened her with her teeth. Sheba snatched her hand away, blinking.

"I am a feral animal, fear me!" Mia laughed. She flipped the blankets off, and swung herself out of bed. Isaac helped her stand, and she eyed Jenna warily. "Now, about that dress?"

"Ivan's working on it." Jenna smiled. Mia couldn't help but fishmouth.

"IVAN?"

"Well, yep. He's persuading some cloth merchants to come and fit you for a dress, Mia!"

Mia stared.

"I can't believe you people!" She stalked past them, and out the door.

"She's happy, isn't she?" Sheba said, looking at the closed door. Jenna chuckled.

"Oh yeah." She winked secretively at Garet, who took her hint, and stood abruptly.

"Come on, Isaac! You have to look handsome for the Festival, too!"

He and Isaac exited (With Isaac complaining the whole way, obviously). Jenna couldn't help but stand and whoop.

"Operation M.U.D. is under way!" Jenna shouted, bouncing excitedly up and down.

"And may I ask what 'M.U.D.' stands for?" Sheba asked dryly.

"Um, umm..." She paused, scrunching up her face. "Oh! Mad, Undying Desire! Buwahahahaa!"

Sheba wasn't sure she liked this side of Jenna.

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With Picard, Felix and Ivan

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"That's Jenna's problem." Felix said stoutly, stirring his tea boredly. "And Garet's, Sheba's, and yours. I don't want to get messed up with this."

"Mine, too." Picard chirped happily. Felix was about ready to chuck his tea (Which was near-to cold now) at the Lemurian.

"Why? I prefer to think romances work out on their own, without help from others." Felix ground out, choosing to step on (stomp on) Picard's toe instead.

"Romances normally work out for the better if friends contribute to the cause."

"And since when was this a cause?" Felix snapped. Picard eyed him for a moment, then sighed.

"And why would a dispassionate, hateful, depressed man as you possibly understand the ways of love and romance?" Picard shot back dramatically, waving his hands for good measure.

Ivan blinked.

"You've been reading too much of that blasted Lemurian poetry again, Picard." Felix snorted. Picard laughed, which nearly scared the poor Venus adept out of his skin.

"It's not poetry, Felix! It's just..... It's merely a way of life."

"Ivan, you're a nut." Felix grouched.

"Why me? Isn't Picard the nut here? Besides you?"

Felix scowled and threw his spoon at Ivan, who gave a cry of "Ow!"

"You're a nut for ever persuading Sheba to invite him here! He's a psycho!"

Picard only laughed more.

"You're a psycho, Picard. Yes, yes you are." Felix nodded, as though reassuring himself.

"But can't you SEE Isaac and Mia together? Like Jenna and Garet?" Ivan paused, then meeped, as a cupful of tea was splashed at him. "Forget I said that last part." Ivan said, dripping, and under the table. Felix kicked at him, but ended up only smacking Picard's shin.

"Yes, I can see Isaac and Mia together. And they'll have three children; two boys and a girl. They'll live on the hill overlooking the ruins of Sol Sanctum, and their house will have two stories. The children will all sleep on the upper floor, as will Isaac and Mia. On the bottom floor will be the kitchen, a hearth that will *always be warm,* and -- "

"Alright, Felix, that's enough." Picard said, throwing his own spoon at the brunet.

"Gee, Felix, you've been spending a whole lot of time around the ladies to go on and on about a boring subject like that." Ivan remarked. Felix kicked him, and managed to knock him against the hip. While Ivan whined and complained (And slapped Felix's knee repeatedly), Picard continued to try to win Felix over.

"Oh, come on, Felix! Think of... er... how it'll benefit the rest of us!"

"Really? How, then?" Felix asked, his eyes steely. Picard fidgeted a bit.

"Erm... Isaac will have another adventure! You know he always said he wanted another adventure! So... So he won't bother us anymore about having the adventure-bug!"

"Oh? When did he say THAT?" Felix asked, arms crossed over chest. Picard visibly sweated. Ivan sighed morosely.

"A while ago, on the ship, while you were, err... umm... Sleeping! Yes, that's it. And, um, Mia won't have a reason to go back to Imil, right? And... Uhh...."

"That's it?" Felix cocked his head, eyes slitted.

Picard sighed. "Yes, that's it, Felix. But please... Even Gareth's trying to do things! From what I've heard, he purposely got sick to leave Isaac and Mia alone! ...But of course, Jenna apparently forgot to leave earlier..."

Felix sighed.

"Jenna and Gareth, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G... First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes -- "

Felix reach down and swung at Ivan's head, but he dodged, so his fist connected with Picard's leg. The Lemurian yelped, and stood up suddenly, shaking the table and spilling his tea. Felix sat back up on his chair, looking sheepish.

"Felix, that was unnecessary! And trying to murder one of our dear comrades!" Picard scolded, casting a Ply on his

bruised leg. Felix found the spiderweb in the corner of the ceiling verrrry interesting...

"Heehee!" Ivan giggled. Felix resisted urge to stomp on him. Hard.

"Come on, Felix. You do it this once, you probably won't have to do it again." Picard begged, ignoring the fact his sleeve was getting soaked in black tea. Felix glared at him.

"Please? I'll let you do whatever you want with Ivan that goes along the lines of pain!"

Felix obviously perked at that.

"Yes?"

"And, er...."

"Picard, you're a psycho, AND you're evil!" Ivan shrieked. Picard put his foot on Ivan's head and pushed downwards. Hard. Felix raised his eyebrow. Picard normally didn't do this...

"Puh-leeeeease?" The Lemurian asked one final time, while Ivan went on and on with his chorus of "Ow"s. "You just have to make sure Isaac and Mia have some slow-dancing time to themselves, nobody else around. Is that alright? And I'll..." He gulped, feeling electricity sparkle at his toes. "I'll let you harm Garet, Ivan, whomever you want... I... guess. Just do this? For the sake of (Mudshippers everywhere! XD) Isaac, of Mia, of VALE?"

Felix looked grim, shook his head, and sighed. Picard's hopes sank.

"Alright, alright. I'll do it. But just this once." He said grumpily.

"Splendidly wonderful!" Picard said, obviously happy. The table, in fact, was so happy as well, it spontaneously combusted into chunks of wood. Ivan snarled and stood up, purple light sparkling at his fingertips.

"PICARD! YOU ARE A DEAD LEMURIAN!" He snarled, immediately beginning to chase said Mercury adept. The Lemurian squeaked, yanked the door open, and dashed down the stairs, drawing some odd stares from Kyle and Dora, who were having *their* tea. Felix stood at the top of the stairs and sighed.

"Do you...?" Kyle gestured to the open doorway. Beyond it, random obscenities, cries of help to the gods, and the sound of Earth rupturing violently every so often were heard. Felix shook his head no, then went to go help Picard.

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With Sheba

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Oh, look, Sheba thought, looking up the cliffs, the Terrible Retribution is happening, or Felix is dying a very gory, bloody, painful death. She groaned softly, and turned back around. She circled the Psynergy stone, making sure the gilded pillars were in a perfect circle. Then, she used Reveal. The Psynergy stone gleamed prettily, a beautiful, twisting purple and blue aura snaking around its rough edges, giving it a mystical sort of look. The Wind adept smiled, and closed it off, nodding in satisfaction.

"Sheba, are you done?" Gareth's father asked, coming up. Sheba nodded. "Good! I'm sure it'll look wonderful. Everything you do turns out beautiful, Sheba."

"Thank you, sir," But she was painfully aware that the man had never seen what else she had ever done in the past.

"Right, right." The man nodded, wandering off, taking the streamers from the playing children to twist around the trees himself. Sheba rolled her eyes.

"Chris! Natalie! You can put the drapes around them, now!" She called. Some women hustled up, holding up a length of silvery cloth. They nodded to her, and began their decorating. She admired their handiwork a moment, then went back to the inn, where Mia and Jenna were talking to the merchants. Or, if it was how she thought, it would be Jenna talking, and Mia sulking.

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With the said Mercury and Mars adepts

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"No, that wouldn't work. No. Too skimpy. No, she'll trip over that! Now, mister, these can't POSSIBLY be your best wares, now can they?"

"Jenna, has the thought occurred to you that I might actually like the dresses you're rejecting?"

"Oh, you do?" Her eyes shone. Mia grimaced.

"Um, no. But let me look over them, alright?"

Jenna frowned, her eyebrows furrowed.

"Oh alright."

Mia smiled at her, and looked over the assortment of blue and purple, and occasionally light green, dresses. She was right, that looked too much like a scrap of cloth, that would be dragged on the ground and dirtied... She looked around and scrunched up her mouth. These really weren't all that good...

"Do you have any others?"

"Well, just one other..."

"Let me see it." She ordered. The merchant grimaced.

"It's... er... Rather pricey, ma'am."

"Doesn't matter, we're all rich after this quest anyhow." She said. The merchant paled slightly, then reached into his trunk, bringing out a dress with a dark, heavy cover over it, obviously to protect it.

He unzipped it painstakingly slowly. Mia gasped, and Jenna let out a barely audible squeal.

"It's pretty!" Jenna squeaked, peering over Mia's shoulder to gaze at the dress.

The dress was naturally a very light blue hue. Over it, a wispy sort of light purple gauze (barely any different than the light blue) with small blue flowers rested. Much to Mia's relief, the neckline didn't plunge at all, it was barely enough to show off her collarbone. The short sleeves were split down the middle, and they sat atop the shoulders with ribbons tied together. A very short cape, barely reaching past her shoulderblades, would drift past her as she walked. The merchant held up a circlet set with diamonds and a silken scarf that went around the waist. Jenna snatched up the head piece, examining it for authenticity, perhaps.

Mia nearly fainted again.

"I'll take it!"

Jenna paused, very perturbed. The merchant clapped his hands together gleefully.

"That'll be 30,000 gold, ma'am."

Jenna gaped at Mia, wondering where all that money would turn up. Mia went over to a corner of the room, shifting around in a trunk. Finally, she returned with a bag heavy with money.

"30,000 coins, sir. Thank you." She accepted the dress from him, and the scarf. Jenna still held on to the circlet. "Ha, Jenna! I have a dress!" She leaped happily up and down, squeezing the dress to her chest.

Jenna smiled. Another step completed in Operation M.U.D.!

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Back with the boys

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Isaac didn't seem to notice the fact that a homicidal Felix ran after a snarling Ivan who ran after a screaming Picard, and that Felix was threatening to Grand Gaia them all into next year, Ivan was screaming curses at both of them, and Picard was close to tears and screaming for Boreas to help him. (Garet thought it odd, however.) He had just been tossed around viciously from Garet to some of their other friends, all the time being teased about Mia, girls, and future

marriage plans. Oh, and did he mention having to get fitted? He sighed.

"Hey, Felix, watch where you throw those rocks!" Gareth shouted, dancing away from another rock.

"Stay away from my sister, you caveman!" Felix yelled back, swiping at Ivan but missing. Ivan was yelling things incoherently. But, if you really needed to know, press the Shift key, and run your index finger (either one) over the numbers above the letters on your keyboard. Yep. Ivan has a potty-mouth, doesn't he? And he speaks another language! ^ _ ^;;

"Caveman? Felix, you're a -- "

"AIIIEEEE!" Picard cried, thankfully keeping this story down to a PG- rating. While Isaac continued to walk, without Gareth, as though he were a zombie, Gareth proceeded to chase after Felix. (Sigh) Men. So now the chain was: A stumbling Gareth ran after a homicidal Felix who ran after a snarling Ivan who ran after a screaming (for mercy from the gods) Picard.

"Garet, go away!" Felix said, as though Gareth would listen. (Rolls eyes)

"Make me, stupid!"

"What was that?" Felix whirled, Levatine glowing dangerously in his hand. His eyes, Gareth thought uneasily, were starting to turn red. "SAY THAT AGAIN TO MY FACE, YOU MOUSE!"

"Eep!" Gareth turned tail and ran, nearly bowling over Isaac. Felix was snarling (and frothing at the mouth too, probably)

viciously and waving his Levatine like a villager chasing after a supposed demon with a pitchfork.

"RAGNARO -- *THUD*..."

Isaac paused, turning around.

Felix lay unconscious on the ground, spread eagle, and his nose was bleeding. His Levatine lay a few feet away from his head.

And Gareth was laughing like there was no tomorrow, clutching his sides. Even Ivan, whose hair still seemed to stick up as though he were possessed (Or Yami Yugi, take your pick), and poor, air-deprived Picard, stopped to stare at the unconscious, drooling, Felix. Before Picard or Ivan could ask, Isaac answered.

"He ran into a tree." Isaac blinked, rubbing his forehead tiredly.

And Gareth was laughing like there was no tomorrow. As I said earlier.

~~~~~

End

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XDDDD HAAAR!

[Felix] *Sniffle* I ran into a tree... ;.;

::Waits a moment:: 0_o;; Felix... You... You just didn't happen to cast an Earthquake or... rather... Quake Sphere, did you?

[Felix] No... Why do you ask?

0_0!! FELIX! BEHIND THE COUCH! ::Dives::

[Felix] *Dives as well*

A huge mob of fans waving signs storms overhead

....::Cries:: I knew I shouldn't have hurt Ivan! or Picard!

::Sobs::

[Felix] 0_o..... *Silent, duh*

::Cries:: Review... and... ::Sniffle:: Make me feel better!

[Fans] NO MORE HURTING IVAN! NO MORE HURTING IVAN!
DEATH TO THE AUTHORESS! DEATH TO THE AUTHORESS!

[Other fans] NO MORE HURTING PICARD! NO MORE
HURTING PICARD! DEATH TO THE AUTHORESS! DEATH TO
THE AUTHORESS!

Myeep... 0_0;; ::Hides::

[Felix] What about me? -_- I'm important too.

You have me. Among other people. ^_^

***Chapter 9*: The day: Operation MUD completed!**

The Matchmaker

Wah. This is the last chapter...! Sorta. There WILL be an epilogue... I just need to write it, obviously... ^_^ It was fun, y'all. Luv you guys.

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The Matchmaker

Chapter nine

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"I still can't believe I agreed to do this."

"Shut up."

"I thought you were more articulate than that, Picard."

"Ivan, I WILL Megacool you into oblivion if it comes to it."

"Hmph, and I'll Spark Plasma you into the depths of -- "

"You don't KNOW Spark Plasma, Ivan, so do shut up."

"Felix -- "

"Shove it, Ivan. Or I'll drop out of this. Now."

Picard thumped the younger boy on the head, effectively quieting him for the time being. Felix rubbed at the bridge of his nose, it having only been healed a short time ago by Isaac. (Picard had been too exhausted to do much except pant for air.)

"I can't believe Jenna actually allowed Gareth to escort her!" Felix groused in his elder-brother-sort of fashion, still caressing his bruised nose. "He's already stepping on her feet, and Venus knows how much he weighs... And she's in pumps. I can't believe that -- "

Picard swung at Felix.

"Oww.... That was unnecessary, Picard," Felix winced, mimicking the Mercury adept's scolding from before. "Ivan, shouldn't you be with your beloved Sheba?"

"Err, well..." Ivan fidgeted with a corner of his tunic. Felix rubbed his head, growling at Picard. Picard whistled and twiddled his thumbs, as though oblivious to the rabid dog known as Felix.

"Ivan!" Sheba called. Felix snickered. "Oh, where were you?"

"Um, planning the last few steps of Operation M.U.D.?" He shrugged. Sheba giggled, pecking his cheek affectionately. Ivan flushed. Felix snickered harder, but Picard shoved him, and he stumbled and fell, unfortunately, onto a thorn bush.

"OW!" Felix shrieked. Ivan led Sheba away quickly before she could question their motives for harming the poor Venus adept. "Okay, Picard, THAT was completely unnecessary -- "

"Did I tell you Picard and Felix were in charge of the fireworks display?" Ivan told Sheba a bit worriedly as Felix ran after Picard, both in all their Festival finery. Some women

clapped hands over their child's innocent ears and glared at the men as they ran around trees, people, and buildings, Felix screaming curses like there was no tomorrow.

Isaac watched bemusedly as Felix unconsciously set off Ragnaroks as fireworks. But he didn't keep his eyes long on the skies, even if the evening sky was dotted with early stars and glimmers of colored light (courtesy of Felix). He had other more interesting, beautiful things to watch...

Mia giggled as she and Jenna exchanged comments. Jenna reached up and twitched her tiara a bit to the right, frowned, then pressed it up a bit more so that it caught the dim light.

"So how's it goin' so far, Isaac?" Gareth asked, clapping a hand on his shoulder. Isaac thought he sank into the ground a few inches.

"Err, okay..."

"They're so pretty, aren't they?" Gareth chuckled, his eyes partially glazed over. His friend blinked.

"Yeah. My opinion of girls and women have changed so drastically..."

"Isaac." Mia murmured, taking his hand in her gloved one. Isaac blinked again and looked down at her, immediately getting lost in her sparkling sapphire orbs. "Let's go talk to Ivan and Sheba..."

"Oh, alright. See you later, Gareth, Jenna. Don't crush all of her toes, now, Gareth." Isaac added. Gareth glared at him, but was led away by his date willingly.

Mia was bubbling with energy, all of her past stress and worries forgotten. The dress was snug on her body, and it

showed off her great figure. (And of course, Jenna knew, that was what she wanted.) She knew Isaac had his eyes glued on her since she came downstairs to meet him. The sash at her waist had shifted ever so slightly in time to her movements. Her hair had been done up by Dora herself, making her look like a princess from a distant land, and her tiara set it all off.

Though her outer emotions showed she was cool, calm, and collected as she took Isaac's hand, her insides were nearly rotting themselves out with worry. Would she trip? (And bring Isaac down with her?) Would she forget proper etiquette? Did Isaac -- well, no, that question was safe. Isaac apparently forgot everything else around him, and she had to lead him out of the way of trees occasionally. (She had heard of the recent demise of Felix, and didn't want it to happen to her precious Isaac.)

Isaac had a notion to jump up and down happily with glee. Here he was, at one of the most important events (Probably was the only important event...) in Vale... err, history, with his long-time crush. He would tell Mia his feelings tonight. Yes, yes, yes, err, no.... No! Isaac! What's wrong with you? Mudshippers everywhere are -- oh, fine, I won't start ranting. For your sake.

Isaac brought Mia's hand up to his lips and kissed it through the simple cotton gloves she wore. She visibly blushed at the contact.

"Have I told you how pretty you are?" He whispered. Mia looked self-conscious.

"Yes, Isaac. Many times." She mumbled back. Oh, and how Isaac wanted to do more than just kiss her hand...!

"Hello, Isaac, Mia." Sheba greeted them, dragging Ivan with her. "Mia, your dress is beautiful! In fact, you're beautiful!"

"Thank you, Sheba. You look pretty too, right, Ivan?" She smiled. Ivan flushed and looked away, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. "You know, Ivan, it's rude not to tell your date she looks wonderful in her outfit."

"Really?" Ivan appeared to choke a moment. Sheba smiled knowingly. "I'm sorry, Sheba, if -- "

"No, it's alright. I know your thoughts anyhow."

Ivan wanted to sink into the ground and never come back up. Even if Felix threatened him with an axe.

Well, maybe.

~~~~~

Jenna had the odd feeling everyone was staring at her. She looked around. Immediately, everyone seemed to turn in unison and stare at someone else. Mia. She sighed. The other women were whispering, occasionally glancing at her, but she knew it was all in fun. Nobody dared say things behind her back while she was around. That, and as long as she had her Tisiphone Edge. (Whoo, the T-Edge RAWKS! *Erhem*)

"Garet, are you..."

"Wha-whaaat? No, I wasn't sneaking cookies!" Garet blinked. Jenna stared at him as though he was Flint in a pink tutu. Er, maybe something less frightening.

"I was about to say, were you drooling, but..."

"I... um, oh." He tried desperately to think of something that wouldn't get him a whack across the face. "Of... Of course I was drooling, Jenna! You're so extravagantly lovely!"

Jenna raised her eyebrow, shook her head, but kissed him on the cheek for his comment. Gareth looked drunk for a moment, then led her off to dance, his mind barely remembering Isaac's warning.

~~~~~

"Bah, you're evil." Felix grumbled, rubbing his thigh. Picard chuckled.

"Don't you have a date?" Picard asked, a good distance away from the brunet.

"Don't you?" He snorted. He made a face as he brushed off thorns like dust.

"I'm surprised, Felix, what with all the ladies here, you don't have a date!" He gestured to all the infatuated fans of Felix.

"Well, you don't, either, do you?" Felix asked, plucking a particularly nasty thorn from his hip. "Ow."

"Well, actually, I do, but she's not here yet. No wonder, she lives in Xian..."

"Xian?" Felix sputtered. "That's further than Kalay!"

Picard resisted the strong urge to say, "Duh."

"Oh, there she is. Remember our deal, Felix!" Picard said, waving, weaving in and out of the throng of people to meet a Chinese-style carriage.

"He asked Feizhi? Good Venus." Felix blinked, moving off back up the cliffs to set off the real fireworks, still plucking thorns and such from his pants.

~~~~~

Mia was lost in her thoughts as Isaac swung her around. Her head was in a daze, and she could vaguely make out something Isaac was saying.

"Umm, pardon?"

"You dance beautifully, Mia." He said. Mia had the feeling he'd do nothing but compliment her all night.

"Thank you, you do too."

"I'm glad you didn't decide to go with Garet." Isaac said. Mia smiled at him as they stepped back and forth in their dance.

"I would have been in a wrong state of mind."

Isaac smiled, squeezing her hand lightly. Mia was really beautiful in the dim light -- her tiara sparkled, her eyes were full of bliss. Her dress made her look like a goddess of water -- which, to Isaac, she was. Besides love, beauty, kindness, compassion...

Mia was thinking thoughts parallel to Isaac's. He seemed so carefree tonight. The blond was always so solemn and serious during their journey. She knew he had been just worried about the fate of the world, stopping Saturos and Menardi, rescuing Jenna and Kraden, and finding Lemuria.

He was so handsome when he was carefree! Mia sighed. Isaac took the chance to plant a light kiss on her forehead. She shivered. Isaac gulped.

"Did I do something wrong?" He asked, worry in his voice. Mia smiled serenely at him.

"Of course not, Isaac."

He sighed softly. Mia tucked her chin next to his as they danced slowly under the night sky.

~~~~~

"Ugh. Ivan really owes me for this." Felix grumped as he moved around the trees, spotting his stash of fireworks. He crouched by them, taking count. He was glad some other youths didn't steal some -- that happened the last time, when he was their age. He was grounded for a week. (^-^;;)

But, patting his pockets (And still plucking off a few briars), he realized he left his box of matches in the \*other\* pair of pants. Felix grumbled things incoherently.

/You need some help?/

He jumped.

"Shine, is that you?"

/...I'm not Shine, you idiot. I'm Fever./

"Well, I can't tell the difference." Felix snapped at the small Fire Djinni on his knee.

/How can you tell the difference between your Djinn, then? How did you know you were attacking with Geode, and not Echo?/

"Err... Only a Venus adept knows those answers! Now are you going to 'help' me or not?"

/Sure, why not. Since Gareth dumped us off, we have nothing to do./

"We?" Felix squeaked. An army of Fire Djinn appeared behind Fever, and he guessed Jenna's Djinn were in the assembly as well.

/Fireworks! Whoo! Flash squeaked happily.

/Explosions! Shine hooted.

Felix felt a wave of worry wash over him.

~~~~~

"Look, Ivan! The fireworks!"

So Felix kept up his end of the deal, Ivan thought grumpily as numerous explosions filled the sky. Wait a second, that looked suspiciously like a Djinni falling from one of the -- no, never mind. Felix didn't carry Mars Djinn. Right? Of course.

The crowd clumped together to stare up at the fireworks display. Jenna nudged Gareth and pointed discreetly at the still-dancing Isaac and Mia. She giggled, seeing Mia tucked up against comfortably against Isaac, who looked as though her were in Heaven.

~~~~~

Felix had a headache already. He set up a rather large cracker (As Valeans called them) in a small stand, then nudging it around so it would explode in a certain portion of the sky. But he began to hear a sparkling --

"SHINE! You idioooooooooot!" Felix shrieked as the he AND the cracker went whizzing off into the night sky. The Djinn all

tittered happily, some beating tails with Shine, which was the equivalent as slapping hands in the Djinn society.

~~~~~

The crowd all gasped as they saw what appeared to be a figure fall midway through the ascent of a cracker. With a splash, they landed in the river. The Valeans were all shocked for a moment, then a cautious sort of talking began again, as more fireworks twirled through the sky.

Isaac was still unaware that fireworks were in the sky, much less the fact Felix had just fallen from one into the river. Mia was radiating a warmth different than that of the warmth of a human body. More like a soothing sort of warmth. Isaac felt fuzzy inside.

Then the thought of 'It's time' came to Isaac. Ever so gently, he tugged her towards the Psynergy stone.

"They say if a couple express their love for one another on the night of the Festival of Sol and Luna (Which is the real name of it) in front of the Psynergy stone, they will be forever together. A special bond will tie them together, and everyone will know that they are in love." Isaac whispered into her ear, the heat of his breath washing over the left side of her face. Mia shivered, feeling her heart speed up.

"Mia, I want to tell you, that I..." Isaac paused, holding her hands tightly, staring straight into her eyes. "...I love you. I think I loved you the day I saw you, healing that old couple. And I might sound cheesy saying this, but I hope we grow old together like them, inseparable by any force imaginable. I love you, Mia, and please stay by my side for as long as time allows."

Mia felt the tears peeking out from the corners of her eyes trickle down her cheeks and fall onto their clasped hands. Isaac let go of one of her hands and brushed them away tenderly.

"Oh, Isaac, I love you, too... Please don't ever go away from me." She leaned up, tucking her arms around his neck. Isaac held her close, breathing in her soft, delicate smell.

"I won't ever leave you, Mia. Never."

"You promise?" Mia asked, sounding like a child. Isaac kissed her cheek.

"I promise. And you can beat me into a pulp if I do."

Mia smiled, leaning back to gaze into his beautiful eyes. They sealed that promise with a kiss. A very long one at that.

~~~~~

"Whoo! Operation M.U.D. is accomplished!" Jenna whooped in an unlady-like fashion. Sheba appeared, Ivan at her heels.

Garet squeezed Jenna. Unfortunately for Jenna, 'squeezed' to him more meant like a bear hug that could break your ribcage. While Jenna wheezed and choked and begged to Garet to let her go, Sheba jumped at Ivan in glee.

"We did it, Ivan! We got them together!" She said, swinging from his neck.

"Yes, we did."

Sheba blinked. Did he sound a bit... forlorn? She squinted a bit. Of course.

"We can be together, too, you know." She said shyly. Ivan smiled at her and kissed her nose.

"Of course we can."

Finally, Gareth had let Jenna go.

"Sorry Jenna. I'm just so... so... happy... Isaac's found his 'one true love,' as they say."

Jenna couldn't help but smile. Then, she reached up, yanked Gareth down by his collar, and whispered huskily into his ear,

"I think I've found mine, too."

"Really? Who?" Gareth asked suspiciously.

Jenna fell over.

~~~~~

A bit earlier. . . .

Felix sputtered as he waded over to the bank, slipped, fell back in, and then stumbled onto the grass, cursing the existence of the Djinn. He coughed, then made a rude hand gesture to the Mars Djinn, barely visible in the cliffs. He could hear them tittering in glee to see him fall into the river.

That was a rush, though. Not too bad, but he wouldn't do it again, unless Ivan's life was on the line.

Wet and squelching, he made his way back down, leaving the Djinn to do whatever they wanted with the fireworks. Wait a second --

That wasn't a good thing. But, oh well.

"So what did I miss?" He asked Picard, trying to keep his pants from falling.

"Felix, what happened to y -- oh." Felix nodded grumpily. "Isaac and Mia are an official couple now."

"Damned Djinn." The brunet sighed. "Wonderful. That means I get to pulverize Ivan... Heeheehee." He rubbed his hands together.

"Are Djinn not good, well-meaning creatures?" Feizhi asked, sipping from a cup of water. Picard and Felix stared at her.

"Where've you been all your life?" They both said incredulously. Feizhi blinked.

~~~~~

Ivan and Sheba had snuck up behind the Psynergy stone and cast Reveal together, sending the purplish-blue aura that the stone hid sprawling out around the lovebirds. The couple had both squeaked and looked around wildly. Jenna, with a lovesick Gareth in tow, had explained Operation M.U.D. to Isaac and Mia.

And the rest was history.

Felix was busy chasing the Mars Djinn around, still in wet clothing. Picard was watching bemusedly, and Feizhi was asking questions he didn't know the answer to, or didn't bother to answer. (He was too occupied, it seems. \*Snark\* XD)

Later that night, the eight of them met up at Isaac's kitchen, drinking hot chocolate and in Felix's case, with several

blankets wrapped around him, discussing the night's events, and the future's.

"What a night." Picard said cheerily. Felix growled at him.

"Mars Djinn are evil things." The brunet said crossly. Jenna stuck her tongue out at her brother.

"Yeah, but they're useful!"

"They're the reason I fell into the river." Jenna shrugged, a guilty expression on her face.

"So our lovebirds are finally together?" Dora asked, mussing Isaac's hair and patting Mia's shoulder. They both flushed.

"They were having the smooch of the century." Sheba grinned.

"You wanna see a smooch of the millenia, Sheba?" Ivan asked. Sheba rolled her eyes and shoved him. Isaac chuckled.

"So it looks like some other things happened while we were, err..." Isaac fidgeted. Mia placed her head on his shoulder.

"...declaring your undying love for each other." Jenna supplied, squeezing Gareth's large hand. Felix groped for his Levatine, but realized grumpily that he had also left that in his other pair of pants.

"Err, yeah." Isaac looked at Ivan, who was hugging Sheba tightly. He had the eerie feeling Jenna and Gareth were playing footsie under the table, but he didn't want to know, really. And Felix wouldn't appreciate it, he was sure.

"So I guess we'll be invited to a multi-wedding?" Dora asked, crossing the room again and refilling their mugs.

Felix looked as though he had swallowed a cannonball and facing indigestion. Isaac flushed. Jenna giggled. Ivan smiled. And Gareth was completely clueless as of what a multi-wedding was.

"So you won't be going back up to Imil, Mia?" Sheba asked, slapping away Ivan's wandering hand.

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to visit sometime -- probably during the summer, so we won't get snowed in. Right, Isaac?" She said, staring at him and begging him with her eyes.

"Umm, well..." Isaac fidgeted.

"It's not like we're doing anything! No more saving the world stuff, right?" Gareth nodded.

"Yeah, let's all go!" Jenna suggested.

Felix paled. Well, let's say he got paler. The poor boy, he needs a tan... (Ooo, tanned Felix! ^-^ \*Snark\*)

"Right." Isaac nodded. "During the summer."

"Yay!" Mia cheered, hugging him like a child with an overstuffed teddy bear.

So this was how the heroes of the Golden Sun spent the rest of their lives. Apparently. Isaac and Mia married in the fall, after their visit to Imil. Dora insisted that she was too young to be a grandmother. Gareth and Jenna were engaged -- Felix sulked for days. Picard had to leave after Isaac and Mia's wedding -- promising to return for the Mars adepts'. Ivan and

Sheba went back to Kalay, deciding to try out their relationship before taking a large step in life.

But on a side note --

"IVAAAAN! WHERE ARE YOU?! YOU AGREED TO THIS!" Felix roared as he entered the city of Kalay. People stopped to stare at the madman.

"Eep. Hide me." Ivan mumbled to his girlfriend. Sheba blinked.

"Wha?" She asked. Ivan fainted dead away. And Felix waved his Levatine angrily at the sky, only to be apprehended by the guards of Kalay.

-- Later...

"My brother's an idiot..." Jenna moaned. Garet pat her on the back sympathetically.

"It can't be all THAT bad, Jenna-love." He said soothingly. Jenna sounded as though she were sobbing into the table.

"We have to bail him out of jail... Thrown in jail just for acting like the homicidal maniac he is! Astounding." Isaac snorted, slapping a piece of parchment down on the table. Ivan sighed.

"Now, Isaac..." Mia started. Isaac cut her off with a quick smooch that left her dazed.

Oh, they always said Vale was for the weird ones, no?

-- And in jail...

"Stupid Ivan."

"Hey bud -- whatcha in for?" A burly man with a mustache and and mean looking scars asked. Felix scooted away. Very quickly.

I'm an idiot, thought he.

And so is Ivan.

Yes, Vale was for the weird and homicidal. And that's how this story ends.

~~~~~

End of STORY! Pity Felix!

~~~~~

W00T BABY! Wrote the whole last chapter in ONE DAY! XD I love myself.

[Felix] I'm in jail! \*Sobs\*

::Dances:: Eeeyaaah! But, wait, I put up the epilogue for you guys, too. ^\_^ I know you people luv me! Heeeee... Oh, and did you notice my stupid remark about Felix and Picard?  
^\_  
—

[Felix] \*Sniff\*

Look out for the sequel... It'll be sorta angsty, centered on the relationship between Felix and Picard, and Mia's pregnant. Whoo. I love myself. I'm being brave about this for once!

[Stephanie] Then why isn't it a full-blown yaoi, and just a measly shonen- ai?

...::Snorts:: Well, maybe it'll get to that later, but it'll be so slight even people who don't know what shonen-ai is can read it and be happy! ...I hope. Felix and Picard! Whoo! XD  
...People are gonna hate me for this. ::Worries about the Felix and Picard fans::

[Felix] \*Cries\*

Oh, poor Felix. Pity him (and me) and read the epilogue and review. I'm grateful to you people that just read, and  
SOMEHOW FORGET TO REVIEW... -\_-

[Stephanie] Oh, that's an A-bomb of a hint.

No deerrr... Don't hate me. Myeh, and a few warnings for the next chapter: ALEX-BASHING! Slightly. Well, mix a few Grand Gaia's, a PMS-ing Jenna, and an overall unhappy GS crew with a mentally unstable Alex... Hee! ^\_^ GARET- BASHING! But that's my thing, so, yeah. IVAN-BASHING! Very slight. Felix runs after him with a Levatine! And, ummm....

[Stephanie] Isaac and Mia get it ON! \*Cackles\*

::Tackles her and stuffs a gag in her mouth:: Shut up, Stephanie! ^-^;; Can't have the readers know TOO much about the epilogue... ::Sweats:: It's a PG rating, after all!

[Stephanie] Mmph.

[Felix] \*Creating the Flood all over again\*

## **\*Chapter 10\*: Epilogue**

The Matchmaker

Epilogue, baby. XD

~~~~~

I dedicate this epilogue to Mud, Wind, and Flame-shippers everywhere! Oh, and Alex-fans.... Stay away. ^_^;; And especially to Triad Orion and Midnight C -- da god and goddess of GS romance! W00t! Oh, and -- this is a really cute Mudshipping. Keh. ^^ You know you love me! ADMIT IT!

[Felix] *Sigh*

~~~~~

The Matchmaker

Epilogue: Mia's Anniversary "Surprise"

[No, ew, you hentais. Not that. ::Rolls eyes:: Well...]

~~~~~

~~~~~

Isaac, hero of the Golden Sun, wielder of the Sol Blade, was probably the happiest man on earth at the moment. He skipped (Yes, skipped, imagine seeing Isaac skip o\_0;;) down the path, barely noticing the fact World War Three raged on the hillside in the distance. He skipped up a set of stairs, skipped across a bridge, skipped down a flight of stairs, and

then proceeded to skip up to the front door of his house that he shared with his wife, Mia.

"Mia, dear! Happy anniversary!" Isaac shouted from the door. Mia stuck her head out from the kitchen.

"Oh, welcome back, Isaac. Happy anniversary to you, too. Our third, right?" (Note the fact she says it's the THIRD!)

Isaac nodded and pecked her on the cheek before ruffling her hair affectionately.

"So, how are Ivan and Sheba doing?"

"Fine, fine. They'll be coming tonight."

"Tonight? Oh, yes, our anniversary is actually tomorrow..." Mia nodded, stirring the thick, creamy stew on the oven absent-mindedly.

"Ooh, cookies!" She could hear her husband exclaim.

"Isaac, stay away from those -- " She started.

"Hrrmmm?" Isaac peeked back in, two cookies wedged in his mouth. Mia sighed.

"Those were for our guests!"

"Gets?" He blinked.

"Jenna and Garet." She grumbled.

"So'y." Isaac said, yanking one cookie out.

"It doesn't matter, I'll probably have to make another batch for Garet himself, anyhow..."

~~~

"DIE, YOU VILE, CURSED SCUM!"

"Meep!"

One would've thought Felix, who was still a bachelor, was yelling at Ivan, but Ivan was still in the Hammet palace, and Sheba would electrocute him if he came anywhere close, anyhow. In fact, he was yelling at --

"GRAND GAIA!"

"YEEK!"

Felix's victim stumbled and fell into a huge split in the earth, but was abruptly brought back up as the enflamed power of the earth roared back and knocked them into the air. The Venus adept nodded to himself in satisfaction as his victim fell face first into the ground.

"Tell me, then, Alex, what are you doing here?" He strode over and put his foot on Alex's back, keeping him pinned to the ground. Alex coughed out a clump of grass.

"I - I...

I want to apologize to Mia and everyone I don't want to be labeled as a bad guy any more and don't kill meeee!" He sobbed.

Felix hesitated, blinking.

"Eh?"

"Don't kill me!" Alex sobbed. Felix continued to blink.

"Alex, are you in a right state of mind?" He asked cautiously.

"I'm not a bad man!" The Mercury adept cried out.

"You've done plenty of bad things. And all those pranks you pulled on me... And Jenna... The cheese incident, in particular..."

"I'msorryI'msorryI'msorryI'msorry!"

Felix twitched.

"Let's see what everyone else thinks of that, hm?" Felix leaned down, picked up the mentally unstable Mercury adept and swung him over his shoulder. People gave him odd looks, but he kept his jaw set and continued to Isaac's new home, knowing his sister and her fiance would be around soon enough.

~~~~~

There was a solid, firm knock on the door. Isaac and Mia both looked up, where they were experimenting, err, with, er, cookies, one might say. (^ ^;; Bad Isaac! Bad Mia!)

"Umm, let me go get that." Isaac said sheepishly. Mia nodded, moving to get the broom. He walked across the room, running a hand through his hair and opening the door to find --

"Felix?"

"Hello, Isaac. Do you mind if I come in? I have a few things to discuss." Isaac eyed the blue shock of hair that lay on Felix's thigh.

"That isn't Picard, now is it?"

"No, of course not. He's still in Lemuria. It's -- "

"Alex!" Mia gasped. Isaac looked from the blue shock of hair, to his wife, then back to the shock of hair. He promptly fainted.

~~~~~

"Has he come to? We have plenty of things to talk about..."

"Oh, Isaac, tell me you're okay!"

"Hey, put the vase down -- Jenna! Jenna, I love you and all, but don't you think you could be more... err... Lady-like?"

"And WHAT do you mean by that, GARET?"

"Erm, umm... Nothing, Jen..."

"I'm not a bad person!"

Isaac sighed. Couldn't he sleep a little bit longer?

"Isaac?"

"Nngg. Hi, Mia, Felix."

"Oh, Isaac, you're okay!"

"I'm not a bad man!"

"Shut up, Alex!" Jenna roared, swinging at him with a pot.

"Jenna, stop it!" Garet lurched and caught her around the waist, and Felix snatched the pot from her.

"I'm sorry, Mia." Felix said to her. She was more worried about her husband's state of health to notice what he was saying, however. He sighed and put the pot away.

"I'm fine, Mia," Isaac insisted, sitting up and shaking his head.

"Now, about Alex?" Jenna growled. She bit at Gareth's arm viciously. He meeped and was close to letting her go.

"Jenna, don't forget that deal we have." Felix reminded her, checking his Levatine boredly.

"Shut up, Felix!"

"Ten coins." He said. Jenna sighed and sat down, arms across her chest. Felix seemed to check off something on a notepad, then put it back into a pocket on his coat.

"I'm not a -- " Alex started. Felix whacked him over the head and forced him to sit in a chair without doubling over and withering away into tears.

"I found him wandering around on a hill nearby Sol Sanctum. He doesn't exactly seem to be in a stable condition, mentally. Or emotionally, it seems. What do you want to do with him?" Felix said evenly, his hands on Alex's shoulders. The Mercury adept shivered.

"Let me see him." Mia knelt before Alex. He recoiled at the sight of her.

"Mia...! Please don't hurt me. I don't want to be a bad person anymore!" Alex said, wringing his hands.

"I know, Alex. I know." She took his hands, forcing him to stare into her eyes. "Isaac, what do we do with him?"

"Alex, do you swear not to plot about world domination, kidnap anyone, or get drunk that often?" Isaac asked, ticking them off on his fingers.

Jenna eyed Isaac for a moment as he said the last one, noticing how Gareth fidgeted nervously.

"Yes! Anything!" Alex wailed. Mia let go of his hands and brushed away his bangs affectionately.

"I think we can trust him. If he does anything stupid, we can always give him over to Felix and Gareth." Mia said off-handishly. Alex shuddered as Felix's grip on his shoulders considerably tightened.

"Pyromaniac." Jenna muttered.

"What was that? I thought YOU were the pyromaniac here." Gareth chuckled, kissing her cheek. Jenna harumphed.

"So, who'll he stay with?" Felix asked. Silence dominated the room for a moment.

"We're not keeping him." Jenna said, holding up her hands in defense. Isaac shook his head quickly when Felix's eyes traveled over to him and Mia.

"Let Kraden house him for the time being." Gareth suggested.

"Wow. Gareth just said something reasonable!" Jenna said, feigning amazement. Gareth hissed.

"NOT KRADEN!" Alex howled.

"Let's say it's your punishment for trying to get the Stone of Sages and becoming all-powerful, Alex. And the cheese." He paused, thinking. "Unless you want to become one of Jenna's ingredients for some of her failed recipes." Felix added dryly.

"NYOO!"

"Hey! My cooking's okay!"

"It's delicious to the man who's lost his taste buds and has a steel stomach, Jen. Face it." Her brother said, rolling his eyes. Jenna reached out to smack him, but Gareth held her back.

"Five coins," Felix said, ticking off something on his notepad that had mysteriously appeared again. Jenna snarled like a feral animal.

"I have to agree with him on that one." Gareth said, holding her tighter. Jenna continued to growl.

"Come on, Alex. Let's get you to Kraden. I want to eat something, and preferably something edible, for once." Felix pulled Alex up and pushed him out the door, ignoring the homicidal look Jenna was giving him and waving to Isaac and Mia.

Gareth blinked.

"What's this thing going on between you and your brother that deals with money?"

Jenna giggled nervously. Gareth continued to blink.

~~~~~

"Oh, Alex! How nice to see you again! Come in, come in, have some tea, I have so many things to show you! Like, see, this rock? It's supposedly came off the moon! And that large crater beside Contigo, some citizens said that the crater came from the moon being ripped out of the earth!"

Felix almost felt pity for Alex. Almost. He left, hearing Alex's desperate (but purposely unheard) cries for help and

Kraden's blathering. He went to beg a meal off of his mother.

".....And I'm beginning to think Sheba is an actual descendant of the Anemos! Maybe THAT'S why she fell from the sky! And the moon moves, too, you know? Oh, Alex, your tea is getting cold! You better drink it!"

I hope it's poisoned, Alex thought to himself. Because I'll do anything to get out of here. Felix is evil.

~~~~~

The next day...

Mia was walking to the kitchen, drinking from a glass of water, when she could've sworn the house AND the ground jumped. At the time the earth was exploding, she was taking a step, and was thusly knocked over, her water splashing onto her face. She sat up quickly, setting the cup aside and dashing to the floor, staring outside. She could see various explosions down below, near the river, and opening the window, the blasts were heard clearly.

"JENNA! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STOP DESTROYING VALE!" Mia yelled. The blasts stopped briefly, and as the smoke cleared, she could see that her friend's red hair was no where in sight. Actually...

"FELIX!" She screamed. "IVAN!"

"Eep." Ivan squeaked. Felix blinked.

Mia bounded through the window and quickly descended the flight of stairs. Felix and Ivan took a step away from her as she skid to a stop in front of them.

"What are you two doing? AGAIN?" She asked, tapping her foot.

"Urm..."

"Ah, well..."

"Hm?"

"Ivan!" Isaac called. Ivan, Felix and Mia all turned to face the young man. "You came in time!"

"Uhh, yeaahh...." Ivan blinked. Isaac looked to his wife.

"What's with the frying pan, Mia?"

Ivan and Felix looked back towards Mia.

"And what's with all the scorch marks on the ground?" Isaac asked, lifting his feet and noticing various burns on the grass, making it all smell rather vile.

"They're destroying Vale again, Isaac! Oh, make them stop!" Mia said, hopelessness in her voice. She leaped at her husband and he caught her, blinking. "Make them stop! They'll turn Vale into rubble!"

"Drama queen." Felix muttered under his breath.

"Tattle..." Ivan grumbled.

"What was that?" Mia snarled, lifting the frying pan dangerously. Felix and Ivan meeped and took another step back.

"Is this true?" Isaac asked, narrowing his eyes. "That would explain all those explosions I heard down from the plaza..."

"Uhm..."

"Run!" Felix grabbed Ivan's collar and threw him in front of him as they both sped off, Isaac soon after them, brandishing... err... A bunch of carrots.

Mia sighed. Ah, how she loved her husband so... So strong and gallant and brave, even when he was fighting with a bunch of carrots! She laughed and headed back to their home.

~~~~~

"Honestly, Felix! Trying to murder Ivan again! He's a good kid, what's he done to you before? And on Isaac and Mia's anniversary day!" Jenna scolded, poking her brother in the chest. He flinched, groaned, and flopped back on the sofa tiredly.

"Stop talking, Jen... It hurts..."

Jenna was obviously miffed.

"STOP TALKING? Felix! You're such an idiot!"

And thus began the rant. Felix grumbled, tentatively rubbing a bruise on his head, currently too tired to try and heal himself. Jenna's yelling hurt his head. And her scolding him, her older brother, was just plain humiliating. Sisters.

~~~~~

Days later...

Mia twitched. She sighed, and pressed the heel of her hand into her chin. She twitched again. She would have to tell them all sometime...

"Mia, love? Is something the matter?" Isaac asked, as he had heard nothing from the kitchen in a while.

"Isaac... You know, on our anniversary day?" Mia said in a quavery voice. Isaac touched her shoulder gently.

"Yes..."

"And how we..." She gestured with the soup ladle.

"Yes."

"I'm pregnant." She sighed.

Isaac was silent for a moment before tucking his arm around her still-flat waist and hugging her to him.

"That's wonderful." He whispered, running his hand through her azure hair. "I've always wanted to raise a child with the woman I love."

Mia pressed her forehead into his neck, temporarily forgetting the soup until Isaac pointed out that the room was rather smoky. Not that she cared. She was completely relieved Isaac supported the idea, and after telling her husband, she was sure Gareth, Jenna, and the others would accept the idea with ease.

It just scared her that Gareth would be referred to as an 'Uncle' once their child was born. She almost pitied the poor thing. Well, Isaac was best friends with Gareth. So maybe she pitied her husband more...

Either way, she was glad her husband would be there for her as they raised their child and grew old together, watching

their child take its first steps, learn the techniques of
Psynergy, and fall in love, just like they had.

So, all in all, Mia was happy with the world -- even if it was
currently getting torn up into pieces by Jenna and her
husband. (She sighed.) Here is a portion of the lives of the
heroes of the Golden Sun, told by yours truly.

~~~~~

End

~~~~~

HA! That ends a story! Amazing. One of the very few stories
I've actually completed... 0_o;;;;;

[Felix] *Sigh*

Har! Poor you, Felix. Though I personally wouldn't mind
being stuck to Picard. ^_^

[Felix] ;-; Pity me...

::Dances:: Thus ends The Matchmaker! Stirring Earth will be
up shortly. ^__^

[Felix] Facing Stephanie's Venus flytraps is better
than having to do that!

You sure? ::Holds up snapping flytrap:: They like Earth
adepts a lot, y'know. ^^

[Felix] *Gulp*

Review, narf! Or I'll be after you! T_T Oh, and, just for you
who are wondering why Alex came up into this stuff, he's
going to be of use in the sequel. ^_^ That, and Kraden has

to do something in his old age, and badgering people is one of his hobbies! Yeah. I don't like Alex... ::Waits for the rampaging fangirls to come after her:: Myeep...